

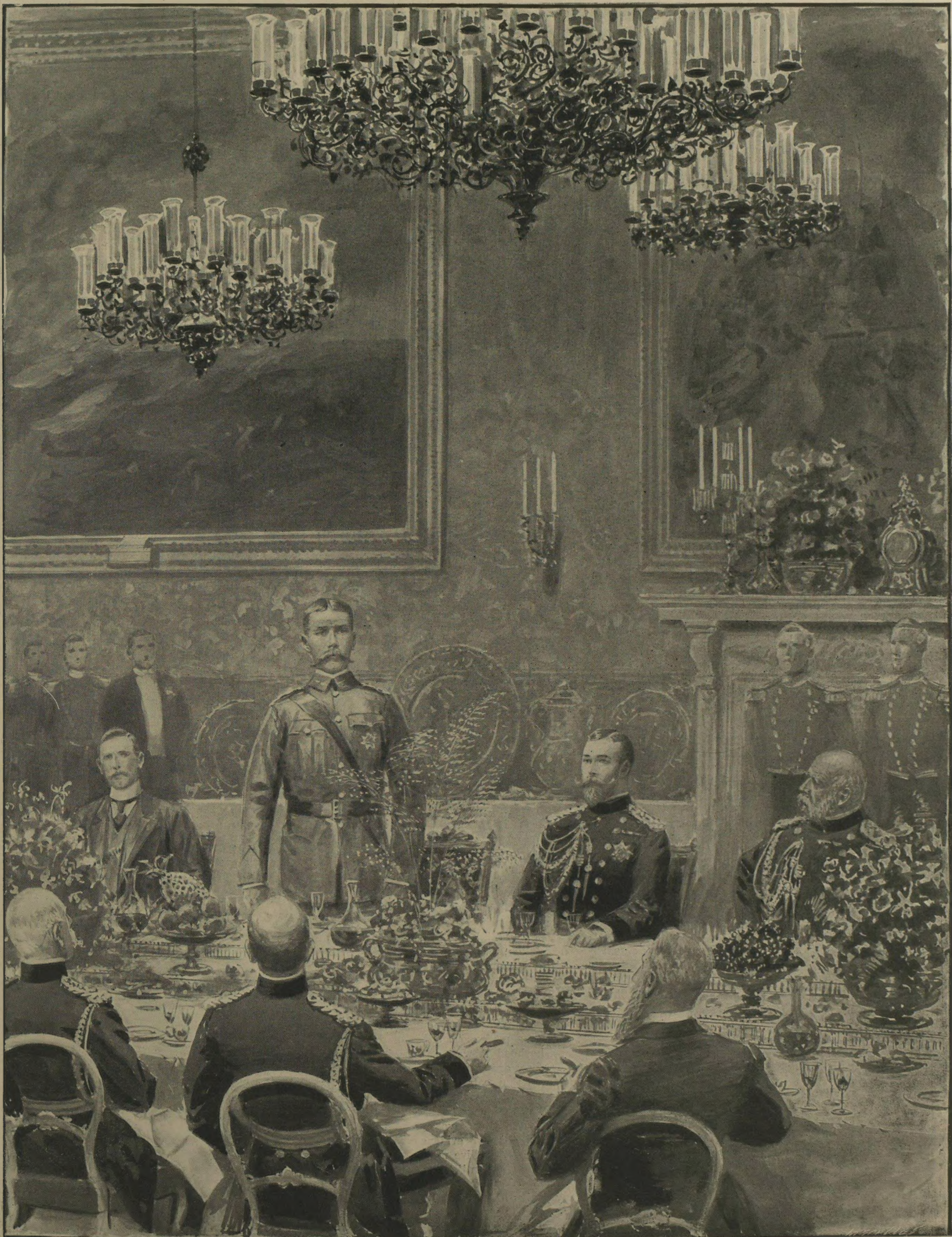
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3300.—VOL. CXXI

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1902.

WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT SIXPENCE



Mr. Brodrick.

Prince of Wales.

Duke of Cambridge.

THE BANQUET TO LORD KITCHENER AT ST JAMES'S PALACE, JULY 12: THE NEWLY RETURNED GENERAL REPLYING TO THE TOAST OF HIS HEALTH, PROPOSED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

It is a pleasant tradition of our public life that the statesman who accedes to the highest office, or withdraws from it, receives a tribute of cordial respect from his political opponents. The Leader of the Opposition presents his felicitations to the new Premier, and dwells upon the great merits of the chief who has made way for a successor. For a judicial moment party conflict is forgotten, and it is acknowledged that men, constantly denounced for every conceivable offence against the true interests of the country, have those interests at heart, and have served them with conspicuous ability. To-day, to-morrow, next week, the old declamation will be resumed; the Leader of the Opposition will cali history to witness that never has a more pernicious Administration played havoc with the national affairs, and the new Premier will show that a more factious Opposition never breathed. If all this rhetoric were abandoned, I suppose the party system would die of inanition; and yet it is probable that an increasing number of citizens are as little moved by the impeachment as by the recrimination. They see with impatience that the transaction of public business is interrupted by the tedious tattoo of the party drum. But the one judicial moment when the drumsticks are dropped, and the reverberating vacuum is still, appeals to all. It is brief; but as it pertains almost exclusively to the British Parliament, we are entitled to be proud of it, and to dwell fondly on its history. Fox, it is true, refused the title of statesman to Pitt, when Pitt was dead, and voted against it in the House of Commons; but we have widened the party mind since Fox's day, and Lord Salisbury is not pursued into his retirement by such small detraction.

I hope the martinets of manners, who grumble at the behaviour of the populace on high days and holidays, were moderately pleased with the crowds who welcomed Lord Kitchener. A more decorous assemblage I have never seen; but then I have no superfine ideal of street decorum. Perhaps there was not enough time to exhibit our primitive emotions. A carriage full of khaki helmets went by at a rapid trot. "Force of habit," murmured one citizen. "Kitchener still thinks he is on the track of the enemy, and doesn't mean to let 'em slip this time!" I saw just the end of a moustache and the ghost of a smile. It used to be said of Lord Kitchener that when he smiled he was most dangerous; but I fancy he was smiling at that moment because there were no more Mayors with addresses of welcome, and St. James's Palace was in sight at last. Comparing his watch with the official timetable, the citizen I have quoted remarked meekly, "He's done us out of eight minutes." "He might have stopped here for those eight minutes," said a disappointed girl, "and then I should have had a real look at him!" On Constitution Hill, I believe, there were many disappointed ladies in their best frocks. Our military hero never gave them a glance. And yet we were all as good as gold, and as prim as Sunday-school teachers.

One of the martinets is shocked by the suggestion that if Christian De Wet should visit London, he may have a boisterously friendly greeting. When Queen Victoria was crowned, a notable figure in the pageant was Marshal Sout, who was received with hearty acclamations. He was deeply moved, and said it was "a noble trait in the English character to give such a welcome to an old enemy." But a cheer for De Wet, it seems, would be mere hysteria. "War is war," says the martinet, although the war is over, and De Wet, by his own free will, is a British subject, and has made some eloquent affirmations of his new citizenship. When he comes among us we must show him by the severity of our gaze that we have a standard of phlegmatic dignity. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to notice that the French are claiming a bond of brotherhood with the Commander-in-Chief from South Africa. Did he not enlist in the French army as a Garde Mobile in 1870? Did he not witness the ineffectual effort of Chanzy's gallant levies to check the German advance? I hope this will not excite any jealousy in Germany. An Austrian officer, Major Kirchner, has paid a handsome tribute to our successful soldier. Kirchner and Kitchener: is this another family tie? Herbert von Kirchner—this brotherhood is catching! And that reminds me that the disappointed girl in the crowd said, "Do you think that even when he was a little boy anybody ventured to call him Bertie?"

A military writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* informs the French public that our army in South Africa is the only European army familiar with the conditions of modern war. All the other armies are the creatures of obsolete manœuvres. This writer is said to be that distinguished officer, General de Négrier, who is not accused of selling his country to the English, or of any tendency to hysteria. I turn to a fascinating Teuton named Meyer, who has written a popular pamphlet, translated in the *Contemporary Review*, and I learn that two French divisions would be sufficient to sweep the whole British

Army, Indian troops, Colonials and all, "to the devil." Now, ought we to be elated by the opinion of General de Négrier or terrified by that of Herr Meyer? Are those two ferocious French divisions quietly biding their time until our harmless South African legions come home? Or did Lord Kitchener smile when I saw him in the Mall because he had just conceived a brilliant plan for revisiting, at the head of our irresistible warriors, the very ground over which Chanzy retreated in 1871? Clearly, General de Négrier has not thought of that; but it ought to strike Henri Rochefort as a revelation. Why did that young man from Kerry enlist as a Garde Mobile? He said to himself: "Thirty years or so from now I shall have the British Army in the hollow of my hand, and then my knowledge of this country will be very useful!" Oh, the perfidy of it! No wonder Herr Meyer declares that we are the enemies of the human race!

Take another ominous sign. A correspondent of the *Spectator*, evidently a British officer, writing from Pretoria, gives a remarkable account of the ceremony which signalled the end of the war. Lord Kitchener pinned decorations to the dresses of the nurses. His fingers were not very deft at this novel task; but when he had finished it (I wonder, by the way, that some hysterical person does not write a ballad of the joy and pride of those women) he smiled, says the narrator, with boyish satisfaction. That smile again! What it meant was, "I shall want you very soon for another job!" And this writer breaks into a lament because the war is over. "It may seem a dreadful thing to you at home," he says in effect, "but this war has been our dearest possession for nearly three years, our work by day, our dream by night, our hobby, our bond of fellowship. There was not much pomp and circumstance about it, but we feel like Othello: our occupation's gone! Farewell the tented field, the risky kopje, the slim and grim and slippery Boer! What is there to live for now?" Imagine thousands of men coming home with these sentiments, and then ask yourself whether they would refuse to follow their old chief over the plains of Normandy or Prussia, yes, to the very door of Herr Meyer. They would get no further, of course, for that redoubtable conscript would sweep them with his single arm to the destination he has poetically chosen.

There is an American gentleman, named Edwin Reed, who goes on producing volumes of Baconian wisdom for the confusion of Shakspeare. He is candid as well as industrious, and when he makes an assertion in the text does not mind refuting it in a footnote. For instance, a passage in the second edition of "Hamlet," about the influence of the moon on the tides, was left out of the First Folio of 1623. Why? Because Bacon had changed his opinion on the subject. But Mr. Reed admits that the opinion remained in four other plays printed in the First Folio, and so his point disappears. He assumes, with affecting simplicity, that most of the ideas in Bacon are original, and that when any of them appear in Shakspeare this is a proof of Bacon's handiwork. Here is the rock on which the Baconian theory splits. The truth is that Bacon resembles Shakspeare only in this, that both are prodigious borrowers. Professor Dowden in the *National Review* shows that Shakspeare took his science, not from Bacon, but from the common stock. "This view was then a new one and without doubt original with Bacon," says the innocent Mr. Reed about a passage in Shakspeare on the grafting of "scions" on "stocks," the view being as old as Pliny, and Pliny, in an excellent translation, being well known in Shakspeare's day. A multitude of notions, "without doubt original with Bacon," can be found in several contemporary authors; and, as Professor Dowden says, there are more parallels between the writings of Shakspeare and Lyly than between Shakspeare and Bacon, although it is not asserted that Bacon wrote Lyly.

The gravity of these Baconians is as wonderful as their research. Hostess Quickly, describing the death of Falstaff, in "Henry V.," tells us that his feet were as cold as any stone. You may think this coldness, as a sign of approaching dissolution, might have been discovered by Shakspeare, or by any other moderately careful observer. That is too commonplace an explanation for the solemn erudition of Mr. Reed. He cites Bacon on the "coldness of the extremities," and Hippocrates on "the extremities cold," and suggests that this phenomenon could have been known only to a profound student of the ancient Greek. In my boyhood it was a favourite piece of banter to ask, "How are your poor feet?" Suppose Shakspeare had used that catch-phrase, and Bacon, in his Essays, had sagely remarked, "Poverty showeth itself in the foot," and Hippocrates had said, "By their feet ye shall know the poor," you would have had a beautiful Baconian chain of evidence to prove that Bacon wrote Shakspeare. "Give me an ounce of civet to sweeten my imagination," says the poet, and Mr. Reed declares this must be Bacon, who noticed that "so many grains of civet" will perfume a whole room! A few grains of common sense, to say nothing of imagination, might save Mr. Reed and his like from volumes of folly.

## THE RETIREMENT OF LORD SALISBURY.

The Marquess of Salisbury, after a half-century of public life, has divested himself of its responsibilities, never lightly shirked, of its burdens, always bravely borne. The Atlas of the British Empire has unloaded himself of his burden, and retires to private life, not dismissed by the people, like Peel or Disraeli, nor yet discarded by his own political friends, like Lord John Russell. Born seventy-two years ago, Lord Robert Cecil, after leaving Eton and Christ Church, rather drifted for some years as a journalist, a traveller, and a member of Parliament. In 1865 the death of his elder brother made him heir of the Marquessate, to which he succeeded on the death of his father in 1867. Perhaps, fighter though he was, the serener air of the Upper House was more congenial to him. He was masterful in his dealings with opponents, but fastidious in the selection of them. The "gibes and flouts and jeers," of which Disraeli said he was a great master, were reserved for great game; and when he broke loose from his colleagues on the question of Reform, not the wildest of prophets came with the confident assurance that his ban would shortly be turned into a blessing, and that Household Suffrage meant the return of a Tory House of Commons. As Foreign Minister Lord Salisbury had his chief triumphs, and in the greatest of them all, the Treaty of Berlin, he had as his associate the colleague with whom his differences had been confined to questions of home policy. In 1881, on the death of Lord Beaconsfield, the party chose Lord Salisbury as its leader, and four years later he became Prime Minister. Marriage in his case can hardly be called a private act: it has become political by reason of the prominence which two of his sons have attained in official and Parliamentary life. Other family ties of his also are much in evidence; and perhaps among the many compensations and satisfactions that belong to him on his retirement may be classed the fact that he is succeeded by his nephew as Prime Minister.

## THE NEW PRIME MINISTER.

Mr. Arthur Balfour is a son of the late Mr. James Maitland Balfour, of Whittingehame, in Haddingtonshire, his mother being a sister of Lord Salisbury. Born in that fateful year, 1848, Mr. Balfour has reached the height of every English politician's ambition by becoming Prime Minister at the rather unusually early age of fifty-four. He was twenty-six when he went into Parliament as member for Hertford, so that nearly half his life has been passed in the public service. As a member of the Fourth Party he had a hand in that shelving of Sir Stafford Northcote which, political necessity as it was, has always attached to it some personal regrets. As President of the Local Government Board in 1885, and as Secretary for Scotland in the following year, Mr. Balfour did credit to his abilities; but his opportunity came when he succeeded Sir Michael Hicks Beach as Chief Secretary for Ireland. He had to face Mr. Parnell and he had to fight Mr. Gladstone. Out of that fray he stepped as Leader of the House of Commons. During ten years of Leadership, in office or in opposition, his party has given him an unstinted support; and if at odd moments his Parliamentary hand has seemed to fail in its cunning, and his scholar's temperament to master that of the organiser-in-chief, such disappointments have been quickly erased from the slate by a spurt of unusual force and felicity. Mr. Balfour, whose temperament is very different from that of Disraeli, has not allowed himself to be influenced by his predecessor's belief in the great part to be played by a wife in the making of a statesman's career. He faces England at the polls as a bachelor, but perhaps that portion of the sex which takes jealous note of such anomalies has its sop in his sympathy with the extension of the suffrage to women.

## PARLIAMENT.

The interest of Parliamentary procedure this week has centred in the resignation of Lord Salisbury. The Duke of Devonshire made the formal announcement in the House of Lords. He said that Mr. Balfour had become Premier, and would retain the services of most of his colleagues, the notable exception being the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Duke would himself undertake the Leadership of that House. Lord Spencer and Lord Rosebery bore warm testimony to Lord Salisbury's great abilities and services. Lord Rosebery said they were all proud to reflect that, on the disappearance from official life of so great a figure, party lines were effaced and public feeling found a common voice in the speakers on all benches.

In the Commons on July 14 there was a remarkable scene. When Mr. Balfour appeared, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman at once rose, and congratulated him on the honour he had achieved, and added hearty wishes for "the success and prosperity" of the new Administration. The wording of this tribute was unusual, and it moved Mr. Balfour so deeply that, after a few graceful phrases, he was compelled to confess his inability to go on. He said he was glad to think that, in spite of party differences, he had never been brought into "unfriendly collision" with honourable members opposite. The Opposition cheered this with great heartiness, and it was evident that the whole House rejoiced to give expression to a feeling of personal pride in Mr. Balfour's new distinction.

Lord Onslow stated in the Lords that, in co-operation with Lord Milner, the Government were organising a comprehensive scheme for settling immigrant farmers in South Africa. The Government had already advanced a million, and Lord Milner had expended upwards of £600,000. The prospects of farming in the new colonies were brilliant, and there were already more applicants for land than Lord Milner was able to provide for.

In debate on the Education Bill it was affirmed by the Government that the local authorities would have control over secular education. An attempt to give them control over all religious education was defeated, but Sir John Gorst undertook to make it clear that the local authorities were empowered to give unsectarian religious teaching in all undenominational schools.







# THE KING'S JOURNEY TO PORTSMOUTH, JULY 15.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH.



THE ARRIVAL AT PORTSMOUTH: BLUEJACKETS CARRYING THE INVALID-COUCH FROM THE TRAIN TO THE YACHT.

*The "brow," or inclined plane, leading to the yacht was carefully screened at the sides by bunting. Along this his Majesty was carried with the utmost care and expedition by six of the yacht's crew. The journey from Victoria began at 11.30 and occupied two hours and a half.*



# THE KING'S JOURNEY: SCENES AT PORTSMOUTH.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS, WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH.



1. A FLEETING GLIMPSE THROUGH THE HALF-DRAWN BLIND OF THE ROYAL SALOON  
AT PORTSMOUTH STATION.

2. THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," WITH THE KING ON BOARD,  
LEAVING PORTSMOUTH JETTY FOR COWES.



## PERSONAL.

The gratifying progress of the King's recovery makes it probable that Saturday, Aug. 9, will be the date of the Coronation. The service in the Abbey will be shortened, but the original arrangements for the procession will be observed. There will be no procession on the second day, but the King is understood to be most anxious not to disappoint South London altogether.

The royal yacht at Cowes affords a much more agreeable home for a convalescent than a room in Buckingham Palace. Bulletins of the King's health have ceased to be matters of public anxiety. The enthusiast who purloined the bulletin-board from the railings of Buckingham Palace has restored it in a fit of remorse.

Lord Curzon proceeds early next month to Mysore for the purpose of installing the young Maharajah on the gaddi.



Photo. Barton, Bangalore.  
MR. P. N. KRISHNA MURTI, C.I.E.,  
Prime Minister of Mysore.

The affairs of Mysore have been managed for her son by the Maharani, widow of the enlightened Maharajah who died at the end of 1894; and she has been assisted in the difficult task by two able and upright Ministers, the late Sir K. Sheshadri Iyer, and the present Dewan, Mr. P. N. Krishna Murti, C.I.E. Mr. Krishna Murti has a special claim on the consideration of Englishmen, for he is the grandson of Purnia, who at the beginning of the last century assisted the Marquess Wellesley in restoring order and prosperity to Mysore after the downfall of Tipu Sahib. After long service in the Administration he was made Prime Minister, or Dewan, last year. He is a man of great enlightenment and wide sympathies. His policy is to raise the Princes of India to a higher level of education and intelligence, so that they may claim a more definite as well as prominent place in the British Empire.

It is believed that Lord Salisbury could not be persuaded by the King to accept a Dukedom on his retirement from public life, but he was decorated with the Grand Cross of the Victorian Order. Ornamental distinctions have no charm for Lord Salisbury's mind. He has vetoed the desire of many of his political followers to present him with a token of their regard.

There was a remarkable meeting of the Unionist party to receive the formal announcement of Mr. Balfour's accession to the Premiership. Mr. Chamberlain's accident prevented him from attending, but he sent a message by his son, Mr. Austen Chamberlain—a message of very strong personal loyalty to the new Prime Minister. The surprise of the occasion was the intimation that Sir Michael Hicks Beach would resign the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

There will be no General Election, and Mr. Balfour will not take a peerage. The Duke of Devonshire made the significant remark at the Unionist meeting that it was better for the Prime Minister to be in the Commons than in the Lords. Sixty years have seen five Premiers in the Commons: Peel, Palmerston, Russell, Disraeli and Gladstone; and five in the Lords: Aberdeen, Derby, Beaconsfield, Salisbury, and Rosebery.

The second Baron Cheylesmore, who died on July 10, in spite of the fact that he contested Macclesfield thrice, each time unsuccessfully, was far better known as a judge of pictures than as a politician. A trustee of the Chantrey Bequest, he owned the largest private collection of English mezzotint portraits, which now goes to enrich the national collection at the British Museum. Lord Cheylesmore was born on Jan. 15, 1843, succeeded his father in the title in 1891, and was a director of the Imperial Fire Insurance Company. He was unmarried, and the title now falls to his brother, Colonel the Hon. H. F. Eaton. The late Baron was the owner of the Manor of Cheylesmore, Coventry, formerly in the possession of Edward the Black Prince.

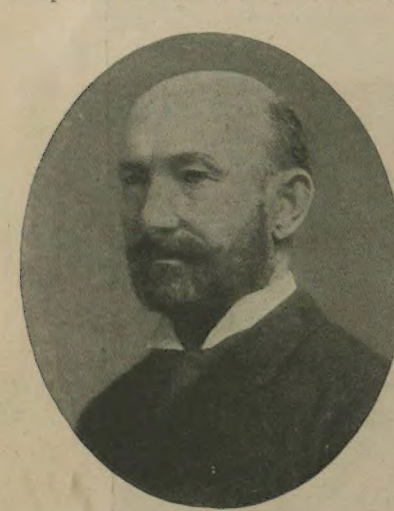


Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE LORD CHEYLESMORE,  
Trustee of the Chantrey Bequest.

It looks as if nothing very definite would come of the Colonial Conference this year. The Colonial Premiers are not agreed upon any plan of preferential rates. Sir Edmund Barton says that Australia "cannot afford the loss of revenue that would follow Free Trade within the Empire. He suggests that Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa should have "some less childish name than that of Colonies."

Annie Alexander Hector, more familiar to the fiction-reading public as "Mrs. Alexander," had considerable vogue as a writer of popular novels.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE "MRS. ALEXANDER,"  
Popular Writer.

Born in Dublin in 1825, she was educated in that city and in France, and in 1858 married Alexander Hector, of Bagdad, an explorer and traveller. Her earliest success was secured by "Billeted in Boulogne," "Which Shall it Be?" "Her Dearest Foe," "The Freres," and "The Wooing o't," which appeared serially in *Temple Bar*. Her later works, written mostly after the death of her husband, served to enhance her reputation, and include, among a long list of romances, "The Heritage of Langdale," "For His Sake," "A Choice of Evils," "The Yellow Fiend," and "Brown, V.C." Mrs. Hector, who died on July 10, was a Miss Frenche, the daughter of a sporting squire.

The retirement of Sir Michael Hicks Beach from the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer occasioned very much more surprise than Lord Salisbury's vacation of the Premiership, and the moment chosen gave rise to



Photo. Russell.  
SIR MICHAEL HICKS BEACH,  
IN HIS ROBES AS CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

the quite unfounded rumour that he had broken with Mr. Balfour. Sir Michael made it clear that his resignation was due to no impulse. He desired to quit office two years ago, and had remained in deference to Lord Salisbury's wishes. Speculation that his successor will cut himself free from Sir Michael's views of our fiscal system seems rather premature. Sir Michael's political career began in 1864, when he was elected member for East Gloucestershire, holding the seat until 1885; from 1885 he has represented West Bristol. His chief offices have been Under-Secretary of the Home Department and Secretary of the Poor Law Board, 1868; Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1874-78, 1886-87; Secretary for the Colonies, 1878-80; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1885-86, President of the Board of Trade, 1888-92; and Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1895-1902. Since the outbreak of the South African War Sir Michael's task has been anything but an enviable one.

The accident to Mr. Chamberlain has produced some lively criticisms of the London hansom, which is the most uncomfortable and dangerous vehicle in Europe. In some provincial towns public spirit has, at any rate, reformed the window of this cab, but London cab-proprietors remain indifferent to the progress of invention, and the public is apathetic.

The death is announced from Vienna of Dr. Emanuel Hermann, the inventor of the postcard. Dr. Hermann first suggested the idea in an article in the *Neue Freie Presse* in 1869, and the suggestion was adopted by Austria and Hungary.

*Page's Magazine*, a new illustrated technical monthly, made its first appearance on July 1. The new venture owes its inspiration to Mr. Davidge Page, who, until a year ago, acted as English Director to *Cassier's Magazine*. Having resigned this position in June 1901, he turned his attention to the preparation of an entirely English production. The two American engineering magazines at present

circulating in this country are printed in New York, and are sent over here in the sheet to be bound up. These have therefore to go to press several weeks in advance of publication, while the new monthly, being edited and printed in London, will be absolutely up-to-date. In point of illustration and general arrangement it is excellent.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan's offer to the British Government of the British steamers in his "Combine" for fifty years has displeased some Americans, who thought Mr. Morgan's enterprise was political as well as commercial. They did not expect him to provide the Government with merchant-cruisers.

The rumour that Lord Milner is about to resign is not likely to be substantiated for the present, at all events. The wish is perhaps father to the thought in some quarters.

Colonel John Davis, F.S.A., who died on July 7, in his sixty-eighth year, was Aide-de-Camp to Queen Victoria for nearly six years, and on the accession of King Edward received the exceptional honour of A.D.C. to the King for life, the appointment usually being for a definite number of years.

Colonel Davis joined the 3rd Battalion of the Queen's (now the Queen's Royal West Surrey) Regiment as Lieutenant in 1870, commanded his battalion for ten years, and in 1895, the year in which he became Aide-de-Camp to Queen Victoria, succeeded the late Earl Lovelace as Honorary Colonel. He was a particularly keen soldier, and his histories of the 2nd Royal Surrey Militia and of the 2nd Queen's Regiment prove a never-flagging interest in the service. Some three years ago he was given the temporary rank of Brigadier-General in the Militia at Rownee Fort, Gosport.



Photo. Maull and Fox.  
THE LATE COLONEL JOHN DAVIS,  
Aide-de-Camp for Life to the King.

Ras Makonnen, the Abyssinian envoy to the Coronation, has taken Paris on his return journey. He arrived on Saturday, July 12, and was welcomed by the French Press as a second Hannibal. A soldier by profession and a General in rank, Ras Makonnen is a picturesque personality, whose present mission is entirely peaceful. Abyssinian independence is threatened from no quarter, and international meddlers are unlikely to find a ready ear with the astute representative of the Negus. Ras Makonnen has carried away with him from London the impression that "Britain is a great nation, and that its inhabitants are a fine and proud race." On July 14 his Excellency witnessed the Longchamps Review from the President's box.

It is stated that the National Scouts in South Africa are objects of the bitterest hatred on the part of the burghers who remained in the field until the cessation of hostilities. Many of the latter are wearing green badges to distinguish them from the Scouts and from those who swore allegiance during the war.

General Botha has stated in an interview that if the Boers are treated with justice, the period for pacification will be short. He said that the British "Pro-Boer" party "had done the Boers no good." The story that he had favoured the suspension of the Cape Constitution was not true.

The late Admiral Mark Robert Pechell, whose death was reported on July 10, served in the Baltic Expedition of 1854-55, and commanded the gun-boat *Lark* at the bombardment of Sveaborg. Born seventy-two years ago, the Admiral was the second son of the late Rev. H. R. Pechell, Fellow of All Souls, Rector of Bix, near Henley-on-Thames, and Chancellor of Brecon; and Lady Caroline Mary, daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Lord Mark Kerr and Charlotte, Countess of Antrim. At the outbreak of the South African War Admiral Pechell had the misfortune to lose his two elder sons, Captains Mark and Charles Pechell, one killed in action at Glencoe, and the other mortally wounded near Mafeking. The late Admiral was married in 1861.

"Our old friend the heir presumptive," as a morning contemporary genially remarks, "has made his incorrect appearance in the leading illustrated paper." We have only to plead guilty to harbouring the unfortunate misconception. The title Heir Presumptive is, of course, to be applied only to the heir to the throne when he is not a son or grandson of the Sovereign. When a daughter stands next in succession, she also is "Heir Presumptive."

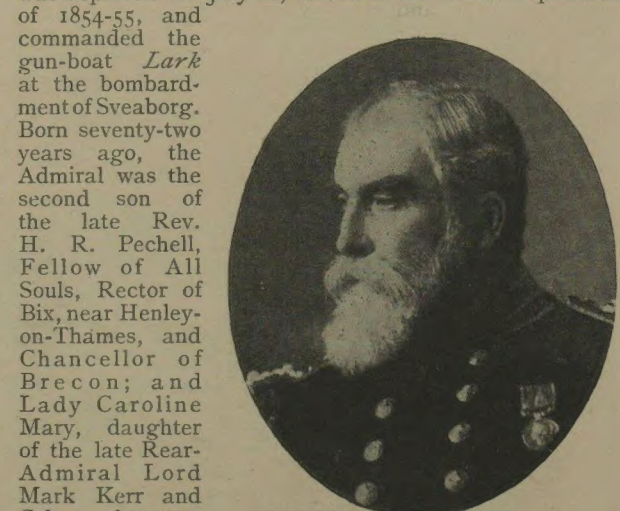


Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE ADMIRAL PECELL,  
Served in Baltic Expedition and at Sveaborg.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE IMPERIAL CORONATION BAZAAR.

Tempestuous weather somewhat spoiled the opening of the great bazaar held in the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, on July 10, 11, and 12 in aid of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children, but withal the scene graced by Queen Alexandra's presence was as brilliant as any of the great functions arranged for what should have been the gayest season on record. At about a quarter past four o'clock Queen Alexandra arrived and was received by the Duke of Fife, as President of the hospital. Miss Joan Lucas, the little daughter of the chairman of the hospital, presented a bouquet, and the baby Baroness Clifton a specially bound copy of the bazaar souvenir. Then, from the Royal Corridor her Majesty was conducted to the great Conservatory, where the children of St. Marylebone Charity School sang "An Empire's Greeting," and on to the dais facing the Broad Walk of the Gardens. Here were gathered many Colonial representatives and a number of Indian Princes, whose gorgeous robes met dangerous rivals in the uniforms of the State Trumpeters who heralded the approach of the Queen. Her Majesty made a complete tour of the bazaar, and made numerous purchases. At the Stock Exchange stall she was presented with a silver case enclosing a cheque for £1000, raised by members of the Exchange for the endowment of a bed, to be called the "Alexandra Cot." The royal visit lasted, in all, an hour and a half. The total receipts amount to close upon £30,000.

## LORD KITCHENER'S RETURN.

"The great, patient General," as Lord Kitchener has been aptly termed in recognition of his tireless "wearing down" of our recent enemies, was welcomed home as a soldier who had brought Peace, rather than as the hero of showy victories; but his reception was none the less cordial, and the enthusiasm which characterised his progress at Southampton and in London was most marked. The *Orotava*, conveying the General and also Sir John French and Sir Ian Hamilton, was not signalled as passing Hurst Castle until half-past six on the morning of July 12, instead of on the previous evening, as expected. The Admiralty tug went out to meet her, but the medical officer of the port would not permit anyone who was not in uniform to go aboard, as a case of small-pox was on the vessel, and when she berthed at the Ocean Quay, Southampton, only Lord Kitchener and his staff were allowed to land. A guard of honour was mounted by the 1st Hants Royal Garrison Artillery and by the Cameron Highlanders, who had formed the General's bodyguard, and who had only returned from South Africa

a few hours before. Escorted by the Hants Imperial Yeomanry, Lord Kitchener, with General French at his side, and with the Mayor and Recorder facing him, drove through cheering crowds to the Hartley Hall, where the freedom of the city was presented, and a short speech of thanks made by the new Burgess. In response to repeated calls, Generals French and Hamilton also spoke. The party then drove to the West Station, where a special decorated train awaited them, and started for London. At Paddington Lord Kitchener was met by the Prince of Wales, representing the King, and other royal and distinguished personages, and was presented with an address by Sir John Aird, the Mayor of Paddington. The great Army Engineer's reply was as brief as it was characteristic: "I thank

bowing and saluting. An address from the City of Westminster was presented at the Victoria Gate. The Queen and the Princess of Wales witnessed the progress from the balcony of Buckingham Palace. The luncheon at St. James's Palace was attended by numerous distinguished guests. There were two speeches only—that of the Prince of Wales proposing the health of Lord Kitchener, and that of the General in reply. Lord Kitchener subsequently had an audience of the King, who conferred upon him the Order of Merit.

## FALL OF THE CAMPANILE OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

The collapse of the Campanile of St. Mark's, Venice, has been described as "a national calamity" for Italy; and so it might be, and not for Italy only, but for tens of thousands of visitors to the most delightful Piazza in Europe, were it not that the modern Italian has a genius for reconstruction and a passion as a copyist. No one who is acquainted with the work, in Turin and elsewhere, of Signor Alfred d'Andrade, will doubt but that the splendid tower will be reared again in air, brick by brick, so far as may be. For exactly a thousand years it has stood, receiving the additions of its marble top in 1417, and of its great copper angel a century later. In 1540 Sansovino added the Loggetta, which, with a corner of the Royal Palace, is now destroyed. But never did a tall tower of over three hundred feet in height fall with so little ill-effect to anything but itself. No lives of the Venetians who have loved their Campanile have been sacrificed with it. St. Mark's itself remains unin-



THE FALL OF THE CAMPANILE OF ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL, VENICE, ON JULY 14: THE FAMOUS TOWER AS IT STOOD FOR TEN CENTURIES.

DRAWN BY HOLLAND TRINGHAM.

you very much. By the way, how is the Assouan dam getting on?" Meantime, the Prince of Wales had left the station for St. James's Palace, in order that he might again greet the General in his capacity as host. Lord Kitchener, who with the members of his staff wore khaki, then changed his cap for a helmet, entered a royal landau and drove away, having as his carriage-companions Generals French and Hamilton and Colonel Henry Legge, Military Equerry to the King. At every point of the route he met with a splendid reception, acknowledging the compliments by

injured. But perhaps a page of Mr. Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" is robbed, in a surface sort of way, of its point. He did not love a tower which had a Renaissance top, but he gave it as an instance of combined simplicity and strength. In one of his "contrasts" he prints it together with a collegiate tower at Edinburgh. The great Venetian structure he points to as having "no buttresses," whereas its small Scottish foil, a third in its height, has "two huge buttresses on each angle." But now the Edinburgh building still stands, while the beloved Venetian landmark has passed into a heap of ruins.



THE ONLY INDIAN V.C.: RISALDAR RAM ELXANDER RAO  
1ST BOMBAY LANCERS.



ITS OCCUPATION GONE: A BLOCKHOUSE IN SOUTH AFRICA, DECORATED FOR THE CORONATION.



THE ABYSSINIAN CORONATION ENVOY, H.E. RAS MAKONNEN, NOW RETURNING HOME.



## THE KING'S JOURNEY.

On July 15, just three weeks after his serious operation, the King was able to be removed from Buckingham Palace to his Majesty's yacht *Victoria and Albert* at Portsmouth. A specially constructed couch and ambulance-wagon were used, and all the necessary carrying was performed with gentle expedition by blue-jackets from the yacht. The sailors, who had thoroughly rehearsed their duties, entered the sick-room, and under the supervision of Sir Frederick Treves and his colleagues, lifted the couch and carried his Majesty, first to the King's Entrance-hall, and thence to an entrance at the corner of the quadrangle. Outside this door the carriage, which had all the appearance of a private omnibus, was in waiting, and the couch was swiftly placed within on a rest running along the right side of the conveyance. Large crowds had assembled on the usual route from the Palace to the station, but the King, with Queen Alexandra and the physicians, was driven through the private grounds of the Palace to the gate nearest Victoria Station, and in a very few minutes was safely in the train, the sailors having once more performed their office with perfect smoothness. Mr. Forbes and other prominent railway officials were present on the platform at Victoria, but even they saw nothing of the actual removal, as large screens were placed before the saloon doors. The start was made at 11.30, the train proceeding at reduced speed,

The royal train reached Portsmouth Harbour shortly before two o'clock, and proceeded along the viaduct to the South Railway Jetty, where the *Victoria and Albert* was in waiting with steam up. The greatest care was taken to insure privacy. The Dockyard Station was covered with awnings, except at the end at

mast and a salute fired by the *Victory*. Rather more than an hour later the vessel cast off and made for Cowes, royal salutes again being fired. At half-past four, headed by the *Alberta* and followed by the *Osborne*, she steamed slowly into Cowes roadstead. The King's guard-ship *Australia* fired a royal salute and manned ship, while the guns of the Royal Yacht Squadron Battery also saluted. The sailors and marines cheered heartily as the King's yacht came to her moorings. The first to go aboard were the Deputy-Governor of the Isle of Wight, who offered the felicitations of the inhabitants, and Mr. T. H. Pasley, R.N., who came to pay the respects of the Royal Yacht Squadron, in the absence of the Commodore, the Marquess of Ormonde. The same evening it was notified that his Majesty had borne the journey without fatigue, and that he was greatly pleased with the change. The official bulletin issued at 10 a.m. at Buckingham Palace on the day after the King's departure announced that his Majesty bore the journey from

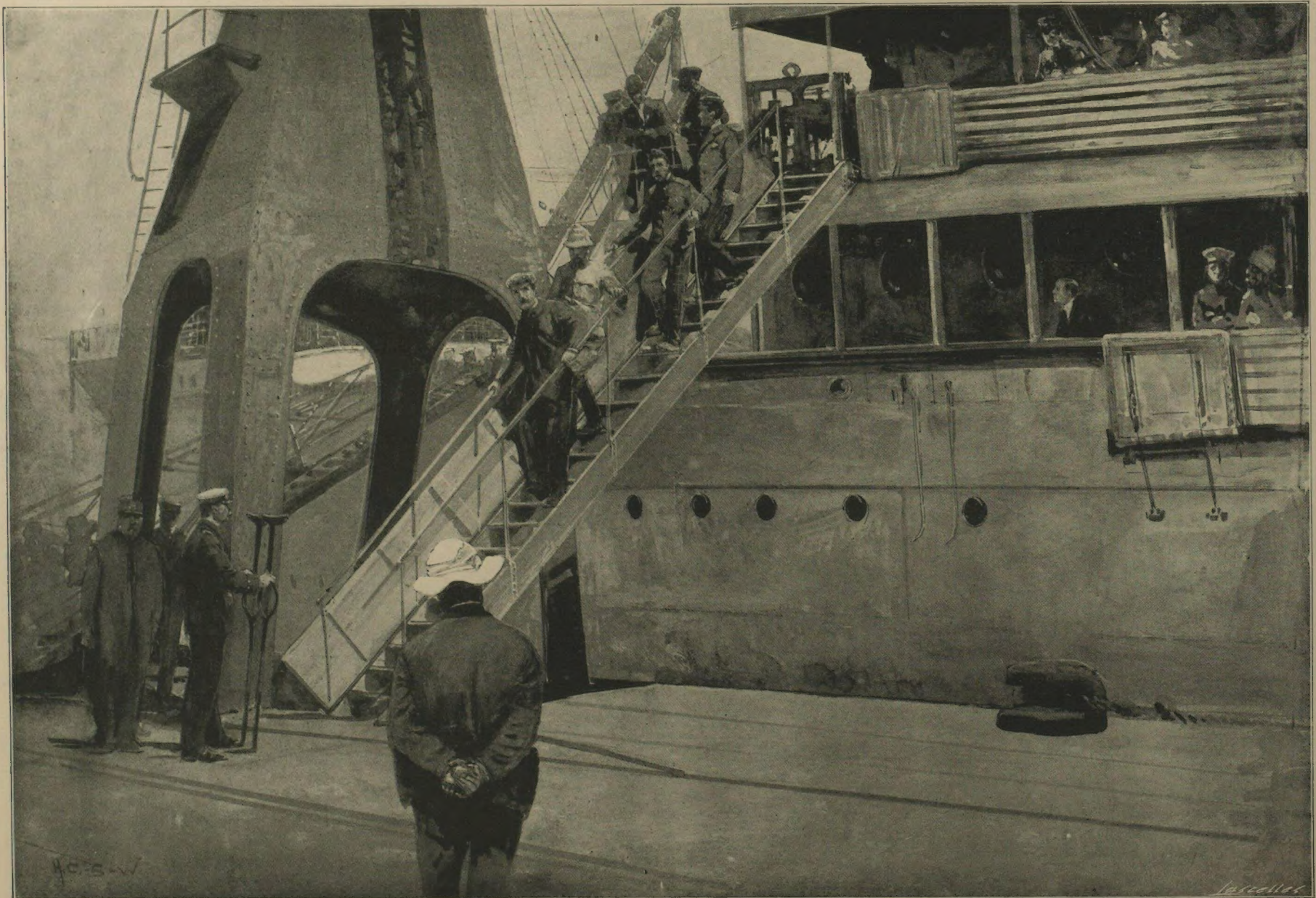


Photo Biograph Co.

THE KING'S JOURNEY: THE AMBULANCE-CARRIAGE CONVEYING HIS MAJESTY ENTERING VICTORIA STATION, JULY 15.

which the train entered, and his Majesty was carried aboard by six bluejackets through a covered-in "brow." The precautions, however, did not prevent a number of people catching a fleeting glimpse of the royal invalid reclining on a couch as the train steamed in, though very few even of the officials saw him during the transference to the boat. The vessels in the harbour were all dressed, and as the King passed on board the yacht the Royal Standard was broken from the

London to Cowes extremely well, and suffered no inconvenience in the process of moving. The King passed a good night, his general condition continuing excellent, and he was much gratified by the change of air and scene. His Majesty had his couch wheeled out upon the open deck for two hours on the afternoon of his arrival. The bulletin was signed by Sir F. Treves, Sir F. Laking, and Dr. A. R. Bankart. The Prince of Wales left for Portsmouth on July 16.



THE RETURN OF LORD METHUEN: THE GENERAL DESCENDING THE GANGWAY OF THE "ASSAYE" AT SOUTHAMPTON, JULY 9.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OAKLEY, BISHOPSTOKE.

Lord Methuen, who is still suffering from his wound, had to be assisted down the gangway, at the foot of which he resumed his crutches. He was welcomed by his son and daughter and many friends, including Lord Chesham and Sir J. Dickson-Poynder. Lord Methuen proceeded at once to Corsham Court, his seat in Wiltshire.



## CLEEVE COURT.

By "Q."



Illustrated by F. H. Townsend.

CLEEVE COURT—known now as Cleeve Old Court—sits deep in a valley beside a brook and broad meadow, across which it looks southward upon climbing woods and glades descending here and there between them like broad green rivers. Above, the valley narrows almost to a gorge, with scarps of limestone, grey and red-streaked, jutting sheer over its alder beds and fern-screened waterfalls, and so zigzags up to the mill and hamlet of Ipplewell, beyond which spread the moors. Below, it bends southward and widens gradually for a mile to the market-town of Cleeve Abbots, where, by a Norman bridge of ten arches, its brook joins a large river, and their waters, scarcely mingled, are met by the sea tides, spent and warm with crawling over the sand-banks of a six-mile estuary.

Cleeve Old Court sees neither the limestone crags above nor the town below, but sits sequestered in its own bend of the valley, in its own clearing amid the heavy elms; so sheltered that, even in March and November, when the wind sings aloft on the ridges, the smoke mounts straight from its chimneys and the trees drip as steadily as though they were clocks and marked the seconds, perfunctorily, with no real interest in the lapse of time. For the house, with its round-shouldered Jacobean gables, its stone-cropped roof, lichen-spotted plaster, and ill-kept yew hedge, has an air of resignation to decay, well bred but spiritless, and communicates it to the whole of its small landscape. Our old builders chose their sites for shelter rather than for view; and this—and perhaps a well of exquisite water bubbling by the garden gate on the very lip of the brook—must explain the situation of the Old Court. Its present owner—being inordinately rich—had abandoned it to his bailiff, and built himself a

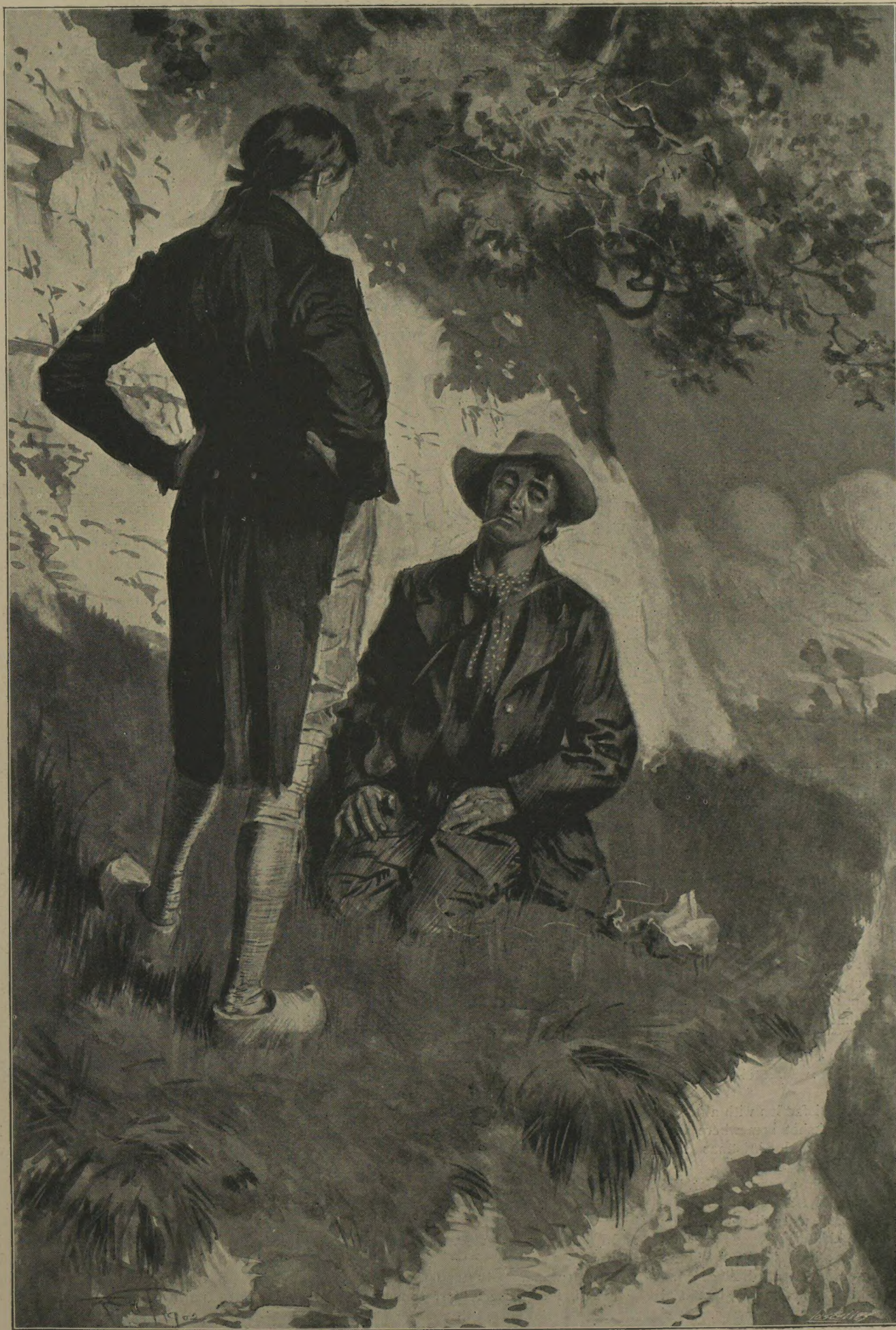
lordly barrack on the ridge, commanding views that stretch from the moors to the sea, but fortunately hidden from where we stand. For this, nine out of ten would commend him; but no true à Cleeve would ever have owned so much of audacity or disowned so much of tradition, and he has wasted a compliment on the perished family by assuming its name.

The last à Cleeve who should have inherited Cleeve Court returned to it for the last time on a grey and dripping afternoon in 1805—on the same day and at the same hour, in fact, when, thousands of miles to the southward, our guns were banging to victory off Cape Trafalgar. Here, at home, on the edge of the Cleeve woods, the air hung heavy and soundless, its silence emphasised rather

than broken now and again by the *kuk-kuk* of a pheasant in the undergrowth. Above the plantations, along the stubbled uplands, long inert banks of vapour hid the skyline; and out of these Walter à Cleeve came limping across the ridge, his figure looming unnaturally.

He limped because he had walked all the way from Plymouth in a pair of French sabots—a penitential tramp for a youth who loathed walking at the best of times. As a matter of fact, he knew his way perfectly, although he followed no path but, coming to the fringe of the woodland, turned aside and skirted the fence as it unexpectedly headed off by it. And this behaviour seemed highly suspicious to Jim Burdon, the under-keeper, who, not recognising his young master, decided that here was a stranger up to no good.

Jim's mind ran on poachers, having little else to brood over and very little else to discuss with Macklin, the head-keeper. The Cleeve coverts had come to a pretty pass, and, as things were going, could only end in worse. Here they were close on the third week in October, and not a gun had been fired. Last season it had been bad enough, and indeed ever since the black day which brought news that young Mr. Walter was a prisoner among the French: no more shooting-parties, no more big beats, no more handsome gratuities for Macklin and windfalls for Jim Burdon. Nevertheless, the Squire, with a friend or



He leaned his head sideways and seemed to drop a casual glance over the ledge.



two, had shot the coverts after a fashion. The blow had shaken him: uncertainty, anxiety of this sort for his heir and only child, must prey upon any man's mind. Still (the friends argued) the cure lay in his lifelong habits; these were the firm ground on which he would feel his footing again and recover himself—for, if so colourless a man could be said to nurse a passion, it was for his game. A strict Tory by breeding, and less by any process of intellectual conviction than from sheer inability to see himself in any other light, indolent and contemptuous of politics, in game-preserving alone he let his Toryism run to activity, even to a fine excess. The Cleeve coverts, for instance, harboured none but pheasants of the old pure breed, since extinct in England—the true Colchian—and the Squire was capable of maintaining that these not only gave honest sport (whatever he meant by this), but were better eating than any birds of later importation (which was absurd). The appearance—old Macklin declared—of a single green-plumed or white-ringed bird within a mile of Cleeve Court was enough to give him a fit: certainly it would irritate him more than any poacher could—though poachers, too, were poison.

When first the Squire took to neglecting his guns all set it down to a passing dejection of spirit. He alone knew that he nursed a wound incurable unless his son returned, and that this distaste was but an early stage in his ailing. Being a man of reserved and sensitive soul, into which no fellow-creature had been allowed to look, he told his secret to no one, not even to his wife. She—a Roman Catholic and devout—had lived for many years almost entirely apart from him, occupying her own rooms, divided between her books and the spiritual consolations of Father Halloran, who had a lodging at the Court and a board of his own. In spite of the priest's demure eye and neat Irish wit, the three made a melancholy household.

"As melancholy as a nest of gib cats," said old Macklin. "And I feel it coming over me at nights up at my cottage. How's a man to sleep, knowing the whole place so scandalously overstocked—the birds that tame they run between your legs—and no leave to use a gun, yet even to club 'em into good manners?"

"Leave it to Charley Hannaford," growled Jim bitterly. "He'll soon weed us out nice and clean. I wonder the Squire don't pay him for doing our work."

The head keeper looked up sharply. "Know anything?" he asked laconically.

Jim answered one question with another. "See Hannaford's wife in church last Sunday?"

"Wasn't there—had too much to employ me walking the coverts. I believe a man's duty comes before his church-going at this time o' year: but I suppose there's no use to argue with a lad when he's courting."

"Courting or not, I was there; and what's more, I had it reckoned up for me how much money Bess Hannaford wore on her back. So even going to church may come in useful, Sam Macklin, if a man's got eyes in his head."

"Argyments!" sniffed the head keeper. "You'll be some time lagging Charley Hannaford with argyments. Coverts is coverts, my son; and Bow Street is Bow Street. Keep 'em separate."

"Stop a minute. That long-legg'd boy of his is home from service at Exeter. Back in the summer I heard tell he was getting on famous in training for a footman, and liked his place. Seems to have changed his mind—or else the Hannafords are settin' up a footman of their own." (Jim, when put out, had a gift of sarcasm.)

"Bow Street again," said Macklin stolidly, puffing at his pipe. "Anything more?"

"Well, yes"—Jim at this point began to drawl his words—"you've cast an eye, no doubt, over the apple-heaps in Hannaford's back orchard?"

Macklin nodded.

"Like the looks o' them?"

"Not much. Anything more?"

Jim's gaze wandered carelessly to the horizon, and his drawl grew slower yet as he led up to his triumph. "Not much—only I took a stroll down to town Saturday night, and dropped in upon Bearne, the chemist. Hannaford had been there that afternoon buying nuxvomica."

"No?" The elder man was startled; and showed it. "The gormed rascal! That was a clever stroke of yours, though, I will say."

Jim managed to conceal his satisfaction with a frown. "If I don't get a charge of buckshot somewhere into Charles Hannaford between this and Christmas I'm going to enlist," he announced.

But Macklin did not hear, being occupied for the moment with this new evidence of Hannaford's guile—which he contemplated, be it said, more dispassionately than did Jim. In Jim there rankled a poisonous personal grudge, dating from the day when, having paid an Exeter taxidermist for a beautifully stuffed *Phasianus colchicus*, he had borne the bird home, cunningly affixed it to a roosting-bough, and left it there, looking as natural as life. On arriving at the tree early next morning, he found Macklin (to whom he had not imparted the secret) already there, and staring aloft with a puzzled grin. Someone had decorated the bird during the night with a thin collar of white linen! "Very curious," explained

Macklin; "I got a 'nonamous letter last night, pushed under my door, and tellin' me there was a scandalous ring-necked bird roosting hereabouts. The fellow went on to say he wouldn't have troubled me but for knowing the Squire to be so particular set against this breed, and wound up by signing himself 'Yours truly, and a Well-wisher.'"

The worst of it was that Macklin found the joke too good to be kept to himself: by this time the whole countryside knew of Jim's visit to the "tackydermist," and maddening allusions to it had kept Jim's temper raw and his fists pretty active.

So it was that, on the misty afternoon when young Mr. Walter à Cleeve passed him unawares, Jim had been standing for twenty minutes flat against a tree on the upper outskirts of the plantation, sunk in a brown study. The apparition startled him, for the thick air deadened the sound of footsteps; and the sound, when it fell on his ears, held something unfamiliar. (Jim was unacquainted with sabots.) He stood perfectly still, let it go by, and at once prepared to follow—not that his suspicions connected this stranger with Charley Hannaford, who habitually worked alone, but because the man's gait ("He lopped like a hare," said Jim afterwards) and peculiar slouch of the shoulders somehow aroused his misgivings. Moreover, he followed no path, yet seemed to be walking with a purpose.

A shallow ditch ran along the inner side of the fence, clear of undergrowth and half filled with rotted leaves. Along this Jim followed, gun in hand, keeping his quarry's head and shoulders well in sight over the coping. This was laborious work, for he plunged ankle-deep at every step: but the leaves, sodden with a week's rain, made a noiseless carpet, whereas the brushwood might have crackled and betrayed him.

Walter à Cleeve limped forward, not once turning his head. These were his paternal acres, and he knew every inch of them, almost every spot of lichen along the fence. Abroad he had dreamed of them, night after night; but he did not pause to regret them now, for his thoughts were busy ahead, in the court now directly beneath him in the valley; and in his thoughts he was there already, announcing himself, facing his mother in her unchanged room, and his father in the library.

Amid these thoughts (and they were anxious ones) he reached the point for which he had been steering, a platform of rock and thin turf from which a limestone cliff, parting the woods, descended almost sheer to the valley. The White Rock it was called, and as a child Walter à Cleeve had climbed about it a score of times in search of madrepores: for a gulley ran down beside it, half choked with fern and scree, and from the gully here and there a ledge ran out across the cliff-face, otherwise inaccessible. The gully itself, though daunting at first sight, gave, in fact, a short cut down to the meadows above Cleeve Court, easy and moderately safe. Walter à Cleeve plunged into it without hesitation.

Now it so happened that at this moment, some fifty yards down the gully, and well screened by the overhanging rock, Charley Hannaford was crouching with a wire in his hand. Even had you known his whereabouts and his business, it would have been hard to stalk Charley Hannaford single-handed on the face of the White Rock. But the wildest poacher cannot provide against such an accident as this—that a young gentleman, supposed to be in France, should return by an unfrequented path and by reason of an awkward French boot, catch his toe and slide precipitately, without warning, down twenty feet of scree, to drop another six feet on to a grassy ledge. Yet this is just what happened. Charley Hannaford, already pricking up his ears at the unfamiliar footfall up the gully, had scarcely time to rise on his knees in readiness for retreat, when Walter à Cleeve came sprawling almost on top of him.

"Hallo!" gasped Walter, scarcely more confused by his fall than by the singular meeting. "Clumsy of me—" His eyes fell on the wire which Hannaford was stealthily trying to pocket, and grew wide with understanding. Then they sought the ground by Hannaford's feet, and glanced from that up to the fence of the plantation overhanging the far side of the gully.

"Well, Charles Hannaford, you don't look overjoyed to see me home again!"

The poacher grinned awkwardly. He was caught, for certain: nevertheless, his wariness did not desert him.

"You took me rather sudden, Mister Walter."

"That's fairly evident. Maize, eh?" He scooped a few grains into his palm and sniffed at them. "Better maize than my father's, no doubt. Where's Macklin?"

"Somewhere's about. I say, Mister Walter—"

"And Jim Burdon?"

"Near abouts, too. Be you goin' to tell on me?"

"Why on earth shouldn't I? It's robbery, you know, and I don't care any more than my father does for being robbed."

"That was a nasty tumble of yours, Sir."

"Yes, I suppose it was something of a spill. But I'm not hurt, thank you."

"It might ha' been a sight worse," said Charley Hannaford reflectively. "A foot or two more, now—and the rock, if I remember, sloping outwards just here below." He leaned his head sideways and seemed to drop a casual glance over the ledge.

Walter knew that the drop just there was a very nasty one indeed. "Oh, but yon's where I came over—I couldn't have fallen quite so wide—" he began to explain, and checked himself, reading the queer strained smile on Hannaford's face.

"I—I reckon we'll call it Providence, all the same," said the poacher.

Then Walter understood. The man was desperate, and he—he, Walter à Cleeve, was a coward.

Had he known it, across the gully a pair of eyes was watching. He had help within call. Jim Burdon had come to the upper end of the plantation a few seconds too late to witness the accident. By the time he reached the hedge there and peered over Walter had disappeared: and Jim—considerably puzzled, half inclined to believe that the stranger had walked over the edge of the White Rock and broken his neck—worked his way down the lateral fence over the gully; to be brought up standing by the sight of the man he sought, safe and sound, and apparently engaged in friendly chat with Charley Hannaford.

But Walter à Cleeve's back was turned towards the fence, and again Jim failed to recognise him. And Jim peered over the fence through a gorse-whin, undetected even by the poacher's clever eyes.

"It's queer, too," went on Charley Hannaford slowly, as if chewing each word. "I hadn't even heard tell they was expectin' you, down at the Court."

"They are not," Walter answered. He scarcely thought of the words, which indeed seemed to him to be spoken by somebody else. He was even astonished at the firmness of their sound: but he knew that his face was white, and all the while he was measuring Hannaford's lithe figure, and calculating rapidly. Just here he stood at a disadvantage: a sidelong spring might save him: it would take but a second. On the other hand, if during that second or less . . . His eyes were averted from the verge, and yet he saw it, and his senses appraised every foot of the long fall beyond. While he thought it out, keeping tension on himself to meet Charley Hannaford's gaze with a deceptive indifference, his heart swelled at the humiliation of it all. He had escaped from a two years' captivity—and, heavens! how he had suffered over there, in France! He had run risks: his adventures—bating one unhappy blot upon them, which surely did not infect the whole—might almost be called heroic. And here he was, within a few hundred yards of home, ignominiously trapped. The worst of it was that death refused to present itself to him as possible. He knew that he could save himself by a word: he foresaw quite clearly that he was going to utter it. What enraged him was the equal certainty that a courageous man—one with the tradition he ought to have inherited—would behave quite differently. It was not death, but his own shameful cowardice, that he looked in the face during those moments.

Into the poacher's eyes there crept his habitual shifty smile. "You'll have a lot to tell 'em down there, Mr. Walter, without troublin' about me."

The unhappy lad forced a laugh. "You might say so, if you knew what I've been through. One doesn't escape out of France in these days without adventures, and mine would make pretty good reading."

"Sure-ly, Sir."

"But if I—if I overlook this affair, it's not to be a precedent, you understand. I intend to live at home now and look after the estate. My father will wish it."

"To be sure."

"And stealing's stealing. If I choose to keep my own counsel about this, you are not to suppose I shall forget it. The others suspect only, but I know: and henceforth I advise you to bear that in mind."

"And much obliged to you, Sir. I know a gentleman and can trust his word."

"So the best advice I can give to you is to turn over a new leaf." Walter turned to go with an air of careless magnanimity, conscious of the sorry part he was playing, yet not wholly without hope that it imposed upon the other. "I want to be friends with all my neighbours, you understand. Good-bye."

He nodded curtly and began to pick his way down the gully with a slowness almost ostentatious. And as he went he cursed his weakness and broke off cursing, to reconstruct the scene from the beginning and imagine himself carrying it off with contemptuous fearlessness, at hand-grips with Charley Hannaford and defying him. He would (he felt) give the world to see the look Charley Hannaford flung after him.

The poacher's eyes did indeed follow him till he disappeared: but it would have taken a wise man to read them. After a meditative minute or so he coiled up his wire, pocketed it, and made off across the face of the rock by a giddy track which withdrew him at once from Jim Burdon's sight.

And Jim Burdon, pondering what he had seen, withdrew himself from hiding and went off to report to Macklin that Charley Hannaford had an accomplice, that the pair were laying snares on the White Rock, and that a little caution would lay them both by the heels.

## II.

Walter à Cleeve did not arrive at the Court by the front entrance, but by a door which admitted to his mother's wing of the house, through the eastern garden secluded



and reserved for her use. This was his way. From childhood he and his mother had lived in a sort of conspiracy—intending no guile, be it understood. She was a Roman Catholic. Her husband, good easy man, held to the Church of England, in which he had been born; but held to it without bigotry, and supposed Heaven within the reach of all who went through life cleanly and honourably. By consequence, the lady had her way, and reared the boy in her own faith. She had delicate health, too—a weapon which makes a woman all but invincible when pitted against a man of delicate feeling.

The Squire, though shy, was affectionate. He sincerely loved his boy, and there was really no good reason why he and Walter should not open their hearts to one another. But somehow the religious barrier, which he did his best to ignore, had gradually risen like an impalpable fence about him, and kept him a dignified exile in his own house. For years all the indoor servants, chosen by Mrs. à Cleeve, had been Roman Catholics. In his own sphere—in the management of the estate—he did as he wished; in hers he was less often consulted than Father Halloran, and had ceased to resent this, having stifled his first angry feelings and told himself that it did not become a man to wrangle with women and priests. He found it less tolerable that Walter and his mother laid their plans together before coming to him. Why? Good Heavens! (he reflected testily) the boy might come and ask for anything in reason, and welcome. To give, even after grumbling a bit, is one of a father's dearest privileges. But no: when Walter wanted anything—which was seldom—he must go to his mother and tell her, and his mother promised to "manage it." In his secret heart, the Squire loathed this roundabout management, and tried to wean Walter by consulting him frankly on the daily business of the estate. But no again: Walter seemingly cared little for these confidences: and again, although he learned to shoot and was a fair horseman, he put no heart into his sports. His religion debarred him from a public school; or, rather—in Mrs. à Cleeve's views—it made all the public schools undesirable. When she first suggested Dinan (and in a way which convinced the Squire that she and Father Halloran had made up their minds months before), for a moment he feared indignantly that they meant to make a priest of his boy. But Mrs. à Cleeve resigned that prospect with a sigh. Walter must marry and continue the family. Nevertheless, when Great Britain formally renounced the Peace

of Amiens, and Master Walter found himself among the *détenus*, his mother sighed again to think that, had he been designed for the priesthood, he would have escaped molestation; while his father no less ruefully cursed the folly which had brought him within Bonaparte's clutches.

Mrs. à Cleeve sat by her boudoir fire embroidering an altar frontal for the private chapel. At the sound of a footstep in the passage she stopped her work with a sharp

In broken sentences he began to tell her.

"You have seen your father?" she asked, interrupting him.

"Not yet. I have seen nobody: I came straight to you."

"He is greatly aged."

There came a knock at the door, and Father Halloran stood on the threshold confounded.

The priest was a tall and handsome Irishman, white-



"And you escaped. . . . They hadn't exacted any sort of parole?"

contraction of the heart: even the clattering wooden shoes could not wholly disguise that footstep for her. She was rising from her deep chair as Walter opened the door but sank back trembling, and put a hand over her white face.

"Mother!"

It was he. He was kneeling: she felt his hands go about her waist and his head sink in her lap.

"Oh, Walter! Oh, my son!"

"Mother!" he repeated, with a sob. She bent her face and kissed him.

"Those horrible clothes—you have suffered! But you have escaped! Tell me——"

haired, with a genial laughing eye, and a touch of grave wisdom behind his geniality.

"Walter, dear lad, for the love of the saints tell us, How does this happen?"

Walter began his story again. The mother gazed into his face in a rapture. But the priest's brow, at first jolly, little by little contracted with a puzzled frown.

"But I don't altogether understand," he said. "They scarcely watched you at all, it seems?"

"Thank God for their carelessness!" put in Mrs. à Cleeve fervently.

"And you escaped. There was nothing to prevent? They hadn't exacted any sort of parole?"

(To be concluded next week).



THE RETIREMENT OF LORD SALISBURY: THE EX-PREMIER AND HIS SUCCESSOR.



*Photo, Russell.*

THE EX-PRIME MINISTER: THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY, K.G.



*Photo, London Stereoscopic Co.*

THE NEW PRIME MINISTER: THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR.



THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY PRESIDING AT COMMEMORATION  
AS CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY, 1870.



LORD SALISBURY AFTER HIS INSTALLATION AS LORD WARDEN  
OF THE CINQUE PORTS, AUGUST 1896.



THE RETIREMENT OF LORD SALISBURY: THE EX-PREMIER AND HIS SUCCESSOR.



LORD SALISBURY AT THE CONGRESS OF BERLIN, 1878.



LORD SALISBURY PRESIDING AT A CABINET COUNCIL, NOVEMBER 1900.



LORD SALISBURY ADDRESSING THE HOUSE OF LORDS, MARCH 1892.



MR. BALFOUR AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT, FEBRUARY 1892.



# THE RETURN OF LORD KITCHENER TO ENGLAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRIBB, SOUTHSEA.



THE DEPARTURE OF LORD KITCHENER FROM THE WEST STATION, SOUTHAMPTON, FOR LONDON.



LORD KITCHENER AND MAJOR-GENERAL FRENCH AT SOUTHAMPTON.



THE DECORATED TRAIN WHICH CONVEYED LORD KITCHENER TO LONDON.

*Accompanying Lord Kitchener were Generals Sir John French and Sir Ian Hamilton, both, like their chief, in khaki uniforms. At Hartley College, where the freedom of the borough was conferred upon Lord Kitchener, special calls were given for the two Generals, and could only be silenced by speeches. Sir John French stated that what success he had had in the field was due to the example of the great chiefs under whom he had served; while Sir Ian Hamilton humorously remarked that the Chief of the Staff to a man of Lord Kitchener's experience had very little to do except to smoke his pipe. The engine of the train that conveyed Lord Kitchener from Southampton to London was elaborately decorated. Under the funnel was placed, in a laurel frame, a portrait of the General.*



THE ARRIVAL IN THE SOLENT OF THE "OROTAVA" WITH LORD KITCHENER ON BOARD, JULY 12.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE SOLENT.

*The "Orotava" was expected on July 11, and on that day Lord Roberts cruised about for hours in hopes to welcome Lord Kitchener in home waters. The Commander-in-Chief at length had to return to town with his mission unaccomplished. Early on the morning of the 12th the "Orotava" appeared and was berthed at Ocean Quay, Southampton, about 8.30 a.m. None but officers in uniform were permitted to go on board, as a case of smallpox was reported among the passengers. Only Lord Kitchener and Staff were allowed to leave the ship.*



# THE RETURN OF LORD KITCHENER TO ENGLAND: THE RECEPTION AT PADDINGTON.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

Duke of Devonshire.

General French.

Lord Roberts.

Duke of Connaught.

General Hamilton.



Duke of Cambridge.

Lord Kitchener.

Prince of Wales.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES GREETING THE RETURNED GENERAL IN THE NAME OF THE KING, JULY 12.

*The interior of Paddington Station, gaily decorated and hung with flags, and additionally brightened by the uniforms of the Headquarters Staff and the gorgeous dresses of Indian potentates, presented an unusual blaze of colour when Lord Kitchener's train, steamed into the terminus. The train had scarcely stopped when Lord Kitchener, wearing khaki, stepped from the central saloon. The Prince of Wales heartily welcomed him in the name of the King, and congratulated him on his safe return. Sir John French and Sir Ian Hamilton were introduced by their Chief, and his Royal Highness then drove away in order to meet his distinguished guest again on his arrival at St. James's Palace for luncheon.*





LORD KITCHENER PASSING THE WELLINGTON STATUE AT HYDE PARK CORNER ON HIS RETURN FROM SOUTH AFRICA, JULY 12.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- The Unspeakable Scot.* By T. W. H. Crosland. (London: Grant Richards. 5s.)
- The Uganda Protectorate.* By Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. Two Vols. (London: Hutchinson. 12s.)
- My Lord Winchelden.* By Graham Hope. (London: Smith, Elder. 6s.)
- The Searchers.* By Margaretta Byrde. (London: Fisher Unwin. 6s.)
- An Inland Ferry.* By Susan Christian. (London: Smith, Elder. 6s.)
- Sporting Reminiscences.* By Lord Granville Gordon. (London: Grant Richards. 10s. 6d.)
- The Real Siberia.* By John Foster Fraser. (London: Cassell. 6s.)

If Bannockburn was not sufficiently avenged at Flodden and Culloden—the dates of which Mr. Crosland assures us Englishmen have quite forgotten—the author of “*The Unspeakable Scot*” has performed a great public service; for the overweening Caledonian has at length been put in his proper place as regards both life and literature. No Scotsman, surely, can rise unchastened from the perusal of this earnest Evangel, and many a one, we trust, will, in the words of the Shorter Catechism, “out of a true sense of his sin turn from it with full purpose of, and endeavour after, new obedience.” With irresistible logic and flawless taste, Mr. Crosland proves the Scot an unredeemed oaf, set on a false pedestal by English superstition; but his heart yearns after the unspeakable creature’s salvation, for which he will ever pray. Ten golden rules, therefore, he sets down, in capitals, for the Caledonian’s guidance. Of these the fourth is, “There is nothing particularly creditable in having been born on a muck heap. Do not boast about it.” Most apt, delicate, and to the point; for your Scot is woefully prone to dwell on his gentle descent. None of the new St. Columba’s maxims affords better proof of his catholicity and insight, for although the Scots of his experience have all struck him as “first generation men,” persons without fathers, he is yet able to diagnose and prescribe for this chronic national disorder of false pride. How the Scotsman who read Mr. Crosland’s proofs could have imagined that the book would be misunderstood, we cannot conceive. His misgiving has called into being the only regrettable part of the work—that final “advertisement” wherein Mr. Crosland labours to prove his kindly intent, a thing already sufficiently obvious in his affectionate invitation to the Scot to stay at home. If the book but delivers Fleet Street sub-editorial rooms (and taverns) from Scottish tyranny, it will have accomplished great things; but it may, perhaps, wing higher game, and carry conviction to the inmost sanctuaries of the *Morning Post* and the *British Weekly*. With the editors of these journals Mr. Crosland deals very faithfully, as indeed he deals with “Dr.” Crockett, “Dr.” Barrie, “Dr.” William Archer, “Dr.” Maclaren. We had almost written “Dr.” George Douglas and “Dr.” Burns, for without the title of “Dr.” Mr. Crosland declines to mention any Scotsman, the two last excepted. Burns, with fine critical appreciation, he sums up as “a super-incontinent yokel with a gift for metricism,” the quintessence, this, in eight words, of Henleyism. It is a pity that so much deft workmanship should be marred in the political chapter by the trifling error which sets Brodrick in “that shallow dandy Wyndham’s old place at the War Office,” but, as the Unspeakable himself would say, “that is neither here nor there.” Over this and any other of Mr. Crosland’s incidental misconceptions, Caledonia, we are confident, will show herself neither stern nor wild.

In his latest work, “*The Uganda Protectorate*,” Sir Harry Johnston has made what he modestly calls an attempt to give some description of the physical geography, botany, zoology, anthropology, languages, and history of the territories under British protection in East Central Africa, between the Congo Free State and the Rift Valley. It will be remembered that the Administration of Uganda was severely strained by the Soudanese mutiny, and that Sir Harry Johnston was appointed as Special Commissioner by the Imperial Government to reorganise the Protectorate’s finances and army, and to arrange a system of taxation that would meet the administrative expenditure. The author’s sources of information are unimpeachable—very able specialists have placed their services at his disposal—and he manages to tell within the limits of one thousand pages all that we are likely to know of Uganda for some time to come. The two handsome volumes, enriched with photographs and coloured drawings that must be the delight of the anthropologist and zoologist, contain a mass of information of most varied kind, and when one realises that the extent of the Protectorate is 150,000 square miles, and that the district is comparatively unknown, in spite of the pioneer work of men like Livingstone and Burton, most men whose minds turn towards adventure will envy the author in entering fully equipped for research upon a virgin territory. The Uganda Protectorate embraces every variety of climate, regions of snow and ice contrasting with places whose average temperature is not exceeded in Africa. It holds the greatest volcano we know—Mount Elgon, whose fires are, happily, extinct—and the largest lake in Africa. It is the country of the Congo pygmies, of cannibals, giants, polytheists, people who have no conception of any religion, and men from the country of Elgon and Semliki who seem closely related to apes. In short, the Uganda Protectorate is a tract of territory

that might have come out of the “*Arabian Nights*,” and not all the author’s devotion to facts, figures, and statistics can sensibly diminish the fascination of the half-known land. Apart from questions relating directly to Uganda, proposals for a seat of Government for all British Central Africa, and for colonisation on a large scale by British settlers, we learn something of the manner in which these vast modern additions to the Colonial possessions of the Great Powers are administered. Sir Harry Johnston does not ignore the existence of administrative abuses, but he does not lend a ready ear to tales of atrocities, and boldly expresses his opinion that, as a rule, the natives of Africa are better off under European rule than they were before Europeans ventured so far. This statement is reasonable enough, though humanitarians are entitled to demand from Europe a higher standard of civilisation than obtains in Central Africa; and it is notorious that in certain parts of Africa—the Congo State, for example—this standard has not obtained. However, there is little or nothing controversial in “*The Uganda Protectorate*,” and the book will endure on its merits as the exhaustive scientific



BALENICEPS REX (THE WHALE-HEADED STORK).

Reproduced from “*The Uganda Protectorate*,” by permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

consideration of a great province that must be destined in days to come to play a considerable part in developing the destinies of what was formerly known as the Dark Continent. To-day the title seems a misnomer when nine-tenths of the continent belongs to the Powers of Europe, and the odd tenth includes Morocco.

In the merry days of Charles II. there was a nobleman named Winchelden. He did not enjoy the King’s favour, and professed Republican principles. By accident he made the acquaintance of Margaret Clavering, better known as Mistress Day, daughter of an old Cromwellian soldier living in retirement. In an off-hand manner Lord Winchelden proposed himself as a suitor to the lady, and was rejected. Then he abducted her, and she stuck a dagger into his shoulder, so that he fainted from loss of blood. The experienced reader will not be deceived by this encounter. Damsels who really mean business with a lethal weapon do not choose a gentleman’s shoulder for a deadly thrust. Of course, Mistress Day is in love with Lord Winchelden, despite his behaviour. The rest of the story is exactly in accordance with precedent, and only Lord Winchelden is unprepared for the lady’s announcement on the last page that she thinks him a very fine fellow. Books of this kind can be written by the gross, and Graham Hope is as competent to write them as anybody.

“*The Searchers*” is published by Mr. Fisher Unwin in his “*First Novel*” Series, and is from the pen of Margaretta Byrde (whether Mrs. or Miss we know not). Surely this is a difficulty which publishers might remove from the already thorny path of the humble reviewer, particularly in cases like this one, where the writer professedly makes her debut! No man, inspired or otherwise, can be expected to make a correct diagnosis from internal evidence. On the other hand, not much discernment would have been required in a matter where none is called for. In spite of much that is admirable, the hand of the amateur is plainly discernible; the style is anything but uniform, and is reminiscent in places of authors so diverse as Mrs. Craigie, Edna Lyall, and Mr. Hardy. Then the characters are very numerous, and the story overlong. It drags wearily before the end is reached, or even in sight. The title sufficiently indicates the trend of the story, and it should be said that the religious sentiments expressed have a genuine ring about them. But the spirit of mimicry which shines out here and there bespeaks the possession of some ability more strongly than anything else: the portrait of Mrs. Ewen may be severe, but it is still life-like. “Are these all your own work?” said Spring, as she stood among the monstrosities of plaques, tambourines, and milking-stools. “All,” replied Mrs. Ewen. “My friends say it is wonderful; but anybody really in earnest can be artistic nowadays with So-and-so’s Enamel.”

At the core, Miss Susan Christian’s story, “*An Inland Ferry*,” is simple, human, and not improbable; but it is so overlaid with fanciful embroideries, so garnished with attempts at phrase-making, successful and otherwise, that these undeniable qualities are apt to be overlooked. The heroine is an intangible young woman, whose chief end is to be effective. She has a wonderful sitting-room in an East-End Vicarage, and here, with the aid of a tea-gown of geranium-coloured velvet, an utter absence of conventionality, music, and a crucifix, she makes havoc of the feelings of Adrian Long. But when his subjection is completed, and he comes to open his heart to her, it appears that she no longer wants him; and for some ten years he is allowed to drop out of the story, and his place is taken by another. When he does return, he promptly falls in love with someone else, but this also is a state of affairs which does not last. The concluding chapters of this story are perhaps the best; at last Nature is allowed to work in her own way, and Josephine becomes, for the first time, quite simple and natural. And we like Miss Christian when she displays just these qualities. Phrase-making is a very poor business after all, and when pursued inordinately, leads sometimes to laughable extravagance.

Lord Granville Gordon’s “*Sporting Reminiscences*” is a readable medley of anecdote and opinion. His experiences with rifle, rod, and gun in the Rockies, in Norway, and in Scotland do not differ widely from those described by other men, and the only two expeditions which promised something of novelty—to Albania and Sardinia—proved abortive. It is when the author gives us his ideas on modern sporting and kindred institutions that he compels attention: he knows his mind concerning pigeon-shooting, boxing, cricket and football matches, horse-shows and dog-shows, and his criticisms, to use a mild term, are vigorous. His views on pigeon-shooting should rejoice the heart of the Bishop of Hereford, for he has not a good word to say for the business; boxing, as now conducted, he regards as prize-fighting in transparent disguise; cricket, “once a good game, has been ruined by sensationalism and science”; and football is the nearest thing the law permits to a fight in the open. Horse-shows cater for hunters that never jumped a fence; and dog-shows for dogs, useless for any practical purposes whatever. We have heard these things before, of course, from other quarters, but have never read more outspoken condemnation. The sledgehammer method is apt to defeat its object, but Lord Granville’s criticisms are redeemed by a somewhat cynical humour, which is by no means out of place. The author makes some very sound and

suggestive remarks on the subject of shooting. There are a few good illustrations, notably those contributed by Mr. Archibald Thorburn and Mr. J. G. Millais.

Mr. Foster Fraser saw “*The Real Siberia*” as it appears to the traveller by ordinary train from the Urals to Irkutsk. His field of observation was no doubt narrow, but inasmuch as modern Siberia is growing up alongside the railway line, what this chatty and informing writer saw is representative of a country which is rapidly outgrowing the criminal taint, and “means to be respectable this century.” Siberia is a land of boundless agricultural and mining possibilities; and the Russian Government, with an openhandedness that would astonish the most progressive of Western statesmen, is offering great inducements to settlers, heroically regardless of the circumstance that the moujik is one of the worst farmers in the world. Mr. Foster Fraser is very successful in dissipating the atmosphere with which Mr. Kennan clothed the country: convicts and exiles there are if the traveller wishes to see them, but their lot under normal conditions, if not enviable, is by no means one of hardship. Semi-civilised luxury prevails in the large towns, sordid poverty in the country regions: we gain the impression of moving in a society whose distinguishing characteristics are extravagance at one end of the scale and dirt at the other, with a redeeming courtesy over all.



ROYALTY AND THE COLONIAL VISITORS: THE RECEPTION AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

DRAWN BY T. WALTER WILSON, R.I



THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES RECEIVING THE GUESTS IN THE THRONE ROOM, JULY 10.

*St. James's Palace was placed at the disposal of the Prince and Princess of Wales by the King for their reception to meet the distinguished Colonial visitors now in England. Their Royal Highnesses were supported by the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, Princess Louise and the Duke of Fife, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, and a host of other royalties. The Colonial Premiers were present, and the guests included many persons connected with the Colonies.*



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Sir T. Lauder Brunton, M.D., has courteously sent me the reprint of the address he delivered before the general meeting of the Medico-Psychological Association, and to his courtesy I have been indebted for an instructive hour or two spent over its pages. The address attracted a large amount of notice, even from the somewhat abridged reports that followed its delivery. Sir T. L. Brunton deals with that most fascinating of topics, "Hallucinations and Allied Mental Phenomena." It is an all-important subject withal, because not only is that dim borderland between sanity and insanity included in its consideration, but the ways of the world, as our lecturer shows us, are singularly liable on occasion to be affected by the hallucinations and illusions of men and women.

Julius Cæsar and the First Napoleon, for example, were epileptics; but, says our author, they were great men not because of their epilepsy, but in spite of it; and it is undeniable, of course, that the epileptic constitution is often associated with a brain of singularly bright and apt intelligence. It is when the illusions of men—an "illusion" being an appearance or sensation we know to be unreal—pass into the stage of hallucinations, when what is unreal is regarded as true, that the world may be the worse for the occurrence. If I behold the image of a dead friend, and know that the spectre is simply a reproduction passed on forwards from my brain-cells to the background of my eye, I suffer from an "illusion" of sight. But if I regard the appearance as a real thing, and as a ghostly visitation originating outside my own personality altogether, I suffer from a "hallucination." This is the general and, I fancy, sensible distinction we are bound to make between the visions that may affect or afflict us, but nobody knows better than I do that the definition will not please everybody. Mr. Andrew Lang, for example, will not hold it to be accurate, neither will certain members of the Society for Psychical Research, who believe in what one may term the materialisation of spirits, and in the existence of ghosts as entities appealing to our senses as things objective.

But the distinction will still remain a safe one if we take into account that we must assuredly distinguish between the unbiassed observation of a sane man and his experiences, and the ravings of a lunatic. One curious point is that illusions are much more frequently represented in our ordinary life than many are apt to believe. Of this fact, I can give one familiar example. There is a well-known experience which happens to most of us on occasion, wherein, coming to a place, a room, a church, or indeed seeing any scene to which we are absolute strangers, we are impressed with a strange sense of familiarity with what we behold. The feeling may be so strong as to give a kind of eerie sensation. The poets have noted the occurrence of this familiar feeling. Dickens speaks of it in "David Copperfield." Thomas Hardy remarks it, as Wordsworth, Scott, Rossetti, and Tennyson have duly noted it. I have even met people who alleged they beheld in it a proof of the doctrine of metempsychosis, and that the feeling was due to the reproduced memory of "a former state of existence."

Excluding cases in which a sense of familiarity with an unknown scene may be traced to, say, the previous view of a photograph, we may find in science a simple explanation of the incident. It is known that each half of our cerebrum, or big brain, possesses a certain independence of the other half. In ordinary life we may take it that both halves act in unison so far, the left half appearing as the dominant factor in our brain-work. Now, if we may suppose that occasionally this unison is interrupted, and that one half of the brain is temporarily switched off—it may be only for a moment—from its neighbour, we may find in such an idea an explanation of the sensation of "having been there before." The left half, let us imagine, takes in the scene, its perceptive cells acting in advance of those of the right lobe. A second later the right half perceives the scene, but already there is the implied consciousness of the left. It is this consciousness, acting or produced out of time and unison, that conveys the impression we have seen the place before. So we have in a sense—namely, that a first impression preceded the second, when both should have in point of time been concurrent. The ordinary way of seeing things is conducted on the stereoscopic plan, where both images are fused into one. If we disturb the brain's stereoscopy, we get a double consciousness in place of a single.

That for which Sir T. L. Brunton's lecture will be most serviceable is the clear exposition of the dependence of so-called mysterious brain-states on physical causes, many of which medicine is able to trace out satisfactorily enough. Illusions or hallucinations are referable often to disease of the eye, and physicians know that in certain special cases the existence of hallucinations may be safely predicted. I am well aware the medical or scientific phase of the explanation will not cover the whole field. There are many incidents of which doubtless Science is unable to offer an adequate view in respect of their causation, but I would remind the person who sits in the chair of the scorners that it is needless to taunt Science with an inability to offer a clue to every mystery of mind when the alternative is declared to be a belief in ghosts and spectres as veritable outside entities. It is a dangerous practice to fly off into the region of the unknown and to people it with phantasies because Science may not be able to place her finger, yet awhile, on the exact cause of alleged miracles and supernormal wonders. The scientist, however, has learned the lesson of patience as well as that of hope; and more than ever in the region of the brain and its ways has he cause to reflect that the superstitions of to-day assuredly tend to become the common-places of to-morrow.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

S B W (Wansford).—(1) Presuming you mean No. 3011 instead of 311, as you quote, we intimated at the time that the problem was impossible. (2) When we have referred to a diagram, it was in connection with the composition, and not the solution of a problem. We regret we cannot answer by post.

MAX FEIGL (Vienna).—Both your problems are marked for insertion. They are very good, and we shall print them as early as possible.

W BIDDLE.—We shall have pleasure in examining your problems.

T G RIGBY.—The problem will repay further examination.

R F.—The solution was acknowledged a fortnight ago.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3027 received from G A Walter (Windsor, Cape Colony); of No. 3031 from Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of No. 3034 from J. Bailey (Newark); of No. 3035 from Charles Burnett, C W Porter (Crawley), J Bailey (Newark), and G Lill (Gringley on Hill); of No. 3036 from J W (Campsie), Bandmaster E P Edwards, A G (Pancsova), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3037 received from Thomas M Eglinton (Handsworth), Martin P. Shadforth, F J S (Hampstead), I. Desanges, Charles Burnett, Alpha, H R Croft (Birmingham), Edith Corser (Reigate), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), R Womersley (Canterbury), Reginald Gordon, F R Bentley (St. Leonard's-on-Sea), Joseph Cook (Pickering), J W (Campsie), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W A Lillie (Edinburgh), J Coad, Edward J Sharpe, G Bakker (Rotterdam), T Roberts, J D Tucker (Ilkley), C E Perugini, R F Marston (Tulse Hill), H Le Jeune, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), and W D Easton (Sunderland).

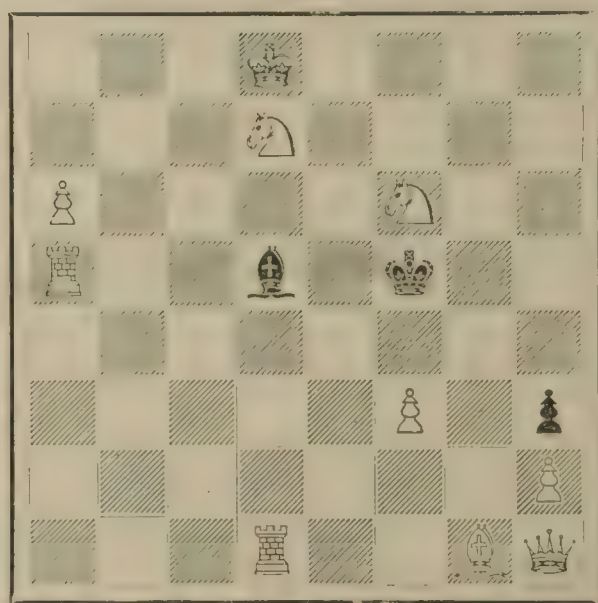
## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3036.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to Q 6th K takes Kt  
2. Kt to K 7th (ch) K takes P  
3. Q to Kt 4th, mate.

If Black play 1. K to K 3rd, 2. Q to Kt 8th (ch); if 1. Kt or B moves 2. Q to B 8th (ch); if 1. Kt takes B P, 2. Kt to Q 4th; if Kt takes Q P, 2. Q takes Kt (ch), etc.

## PROBLEM No. 3039.—By J. PAUL TAYLOR.

BLACK.







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## LADIES' PAGE.

The Imperial Coronation Bazaar at the Royal Botanic Gardens on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, has been as brilliant a success as its promoters can have hoped. Her Majesty has long taken a warm interest in this institution, and has on a great number of occasions paid it private visits, carrying with her large baskets of flowers and toys to distribute among the little patients. No cause can be more near her Majesty's kind heart than that of suffering little



A VISITING GOWN IN LIGHT VOILE.

children, and her own purchases at the bazaar were most liberal. She stopped a considerable time at each stall, and purchased from every one, leaving the articles on view on the stalls with the exception of a gold cigar-case for the King, which, with wifely thoughtfulness, her Majesty carried home for her sick husband's pleasure. The Botanic Gardens afford so favourable a place for such an event that the enormous crowd had plenty of room, and the thousands who had come chiefly to see the Queen were all gratified to the full. Her Majesty was dressed in her favourite colour, a delicate mauve, almost exactly the tint of the Cattleya orchid named Alexandra, after the Queen. The gown was in crêpe-de-Chine, with a vest of white mousseline-de-soie, veiled in lace, and a waistbelt and long sash-ends and a collar of stitched glacé silk in mauve; a white toque trimmed with heliotrope gauze and purple and white orchids was worn, and a becoming ruffle of delicate mauve chiffon. Princess Victoria wore a quiet dress of grey voile, trimmed with bands and belt of chené silk, in which the predominant tints were pink and mauve; and a hat of grey straw trimmed profusely with pink pom-pom roses. Princess Charles of Denmark was harmoniously dressed in pink; and so was the Duchess d'Aosta; while the Mistress of the Robes and the Maids of Honour wore white and black, so that the dresses of all in immediate company with the Queen "composed" into a charming picture. The Duchess d'Aosta, who is, of course, one of the Orleans Princesses, born and brought up in England, and who is very tall, stately, and handsome, had a particularly charming gown of rose-pink silken gauze, painted with roses, and most elaborately made with an abundance of lace insertions and countless tucks. Her Royal Highness's toque was of white chiffon, trimmed with white and shaded roses toning to pink and black velvet, and the costume was completed by a full cream-coloured ostrich-feather boa.

Muslin, either in the more everyday printed variety or of the finer silk gauze hand-painted, always made up with much lace inserted, was worn by a great many of the most beautiful women. Among them was the Countess of Chesterfield in a delicate green silk muslin over glacé, with a large black picture-hat; the Countess of Dudley, in pale blue muslin, much tucked and decorated with beautiful lace, the costume finished by a white picture-hat trimmed with blue; and the Duchess of Westminster, in all white muslin, trimmed with lace medallions embroidered with silver sequins, a large white hat adorned with roses, and a cluster of pink and mauve

hydrangeas at her throat. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who came with her husband at the head of the special embassy from the United States to the Coronation, was beautifully dressed in pale green chiffon over silk, trimmed profusely with fine Irish lace, and a green chiffon toque, decorated with lace and white lilac. The Ambassador's wife, Mrs. Choate, wore heliotrope embroidered mousseline-de-soie with lines of lace insertion, and a flowery toque of mauve and white blossoms and chiffon. Mrs. Arthur Paget, who had much to do with the excellent organisation of the bazaar, wore a dress of white gauze painted with pink and mauve flowers, and a large hat with black ostrich feathers. Foulard was well worn also. Lady Henry Cavendish-Bentinck donned it in a delicate green shade trimmed abundantly with white chiffon and lace. Lady Claud Hamilton had black-and-white foulard, and a toque of that fashionable mixture, bright green and dark blue chiffon. Countess Howe wore hyacinth-blue foulard with white spots, and the Marchioness of Hamilton had a foulard in a deep violet colour spotted with white. All London society appeared to be there, and nothing was wrong except the weather, which might have been more favourable. A pretty sight was the deputation of the stall-holders' little children, all clad in dainty white, who presented her Majesty with the souvenir book that contained their portraits, the actual presentation to the gracious lady being made by the tiny Baroness Clifton, the only child of the late Earl of Darnley, who holds this title in her own right, and is about two years old.

The royal family have done all in their power to prevent the King's illness causing more disappointment and loss than was absolutely inevitable. The Queen's tea to the servant-maids, although some of the poor girls had to eat sopping bread and jam under the shadow of umbrellas, has nevertheless given them a day of brightness and change and interest which they will ever remember. There was at first some fear that the guests would be drawn from too narrow a circle, but this has been altered by the express wish of the Queen herself, who not only desired that the societies originally entrusted with the tickets for distribution should extend their operations to some other organised bodies, but also arranged that about fifteen hundred girls who did not belong to any society should receive tickets.

One of the best features of the modern woman's life has been brought before the public in connection with this tea—namely, the degree to which women of some means and leisure interest themselves in the fortunes of the poorer and younger members of their sex. The society affectionately known as "Mabys"—a diminutive procured from the initial letters of its lengthy title, "Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants"—deals entirely with the girls who are brought up and trained in our workhouses, and sent out to service under the auspices of the Board of Guardians. Many of these girls are, of course, orphans or deserted as infants, and are quite friendless. Others are worse than friendless, for they have drunken or indifferent parents, or other near relatives who have deserted them all through their childhood, and left them to be brought up by public charity, but keep watch on their coming out of the Poor-law schools in order to endeavour to profit by their wages. Until women were introduced into the management of the State provision for the poor, these little girls in service in their earliest teens were left almost uncared for. The relieving officer was supposed to look after

them while they remained in their first place, but did so very indifferently, and when they left that situation they passed entirely out of knowledge. Now the ladies who work in connection with "Mabys" undertake to visit and befriend every girl who leaves the workhouse school, as long as the girl is willing to receive such assistance and supervision. Their names are sent when they leave the workhouse for service to the headquarters of "Mabys," and a lady friend is there appointed to each little maid. How much this is appreciated is shown by the fact that there are about seven thousand girls on the books. The other society selected to distribute the Queen's tea-tickets, the 'Girls' Friendly, has even more members, and is conducted under the Church of England; it includes young women employed in all kinds of ways, and not only domestic servants. That some thousands of ladies should be found to busy themselves quietly and unostentatiously in making life happier and safer for



KINGSTON-ON-THAMES AMATEUR REGATTA, JULY 12: THE CORONATION CUP.

The Coronation Cup, rowed for at Kingston on July 12, was presented by the Regatta Committee for the Senior Eights, and won by the Molesley Boat Club. It was designed and modelled by the Royal Silversmiths, Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and Oxford Street, London, W.

these poor young things is surely very much to the honour of the women of to-day.

While the passing season has brought us very little change in the style of costume, it has introduced a few novelties in detail. One of these is the return of the mitten. Mr. James Payn described the wearing of mittens as a "gritty economy." But the new variety of this finish to the costume is certainly not economical, if used at its best, while it is neither harsh enough to the touch nor unpleasant enough to the wearer to deserve to be called "gritty" in any sense. The mitten of to-day,



A MUSLIN DRESS WITH PIQUÉ COAT.

if you please, should be made of real lace; and if produced quite fresh, that is costly, even if it be made but in Luxeuil, while Brussels appliqué is the favourite form. It is, however, possible to make use of small pieces or motifs of old real lace in this way. The shape of the mitten is made in clear net, and the pieces of lace laid and appliqué upon it. As mittens have a great deal of wear and tear, it does not do to use lace so old as not to be sound, but small pieces of old lace in good condition cleverly applied answer all purposes very well. Mittens have returned to favour because of the great number of rings worn in Paris during the past few years; and large square rings have been specially fashionable. Gloves cannot be worn with such immense *bagues*.

Basques would have been with us this season in ordinary course, as they have long been *à la mode* in Paris; and though the mourning, the weather, and various untoward circumstances have checked the developments of Fashion's evolution here, we are sure to follow Paris soon. People who like to lead have already adopted basques such as those shown in our illustrations. That white piqué coat, worn over a muslin and lace-inserted and flounced skirt, is a pretty and simple design. The coat is finished with bands of embroidered black satin, and a waistbelt of the same, all lightly tucked on so as to be easily removed when the coat is cleaned. If the precaution is taken of tacking the bands of trimming on a white stiff muslin lining, a very few slip-stitches will hold them on the garment, and the removal and replacing of them becomes a simple task. The other dress illustrated is a light voile, trimmed with velvet and lace. Though shown here as an outdoor costume, with a toque of black-and-white tulle; this model would be a favourable one for an indoor dress. The shaped revers of velvet trimmed with pointed lace make it a becoming shape for a stout figure. Elbow-sleeves can be adopted, if preferred, by leaving off the cuff; they are quite fashionable, many of the gowns at the great bazaar being so made; and the upright collar may also be dispensed with for warm weather or for indoors.

The royal guests have been occupying much time in shopping, and carriages with the scarlet liveries have been seen at the doors of many leading establishments. Among others, Messrs. Waring and Sons, 175, Oxford Street, have had distinguished patronage, including that of the Crown Princess of Roumania and Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

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## A NEW HARWICH-ANTWERP STEAMER.

The twin-screw steamer "Brussels," which has just been added to the Great Eastern Railway Company's fleet running between Harwich and Antwerp, though not the largest of their vessels, will be the leading passenger-steamer plying daily between the two points, her triple-compound

and Mr. C. Busk, the Continental Manager. From Parkes-ton Quay, Harwich, the vessel ran as far as the Hollesby light-ship, a distance of fifteen miles and back. The new steamer was built by Messrs. Gourlay, of Dundee. Great steadiness at sea and the absolute comfort of passengers have been achieved by the naval architects. A remarkable feature of the arrangements is

with a constant supply of water. There are about 160 berths in all for first-class passengers. The vessel is lighted throughout with electric light. At the luncheon Mr. Gooday gave a brief sketch of the history of the Harwich Continental Service, which started not very successfully in 1855 with chartered ships. These were followed in 1863 by boats owned by the Great



Photo. H. Pieron-Lodts.

A NEW VESSEL FOR THE HARWICH-ANTWERP SERVICE: THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S PASSENGER STEAMER "BRUSSELS."

engines giving her a speed of 15 knots. She is steel built, and her principal dimensions are: 285 ft. between perpendiculars, 34 ft. beam, and 16 ft. 6 in. depth moulded. Her tonnage is 1380 gross. The Great Eastern Railway Company has not for some time added to its fleet, and the inauguration of the *Brussels* was on July 12 specially celebrated by a trip and a lunch at the Harwich Hotel, presided over by Lord Claud Hamilton. Among the guests were the Earl of Erne, Colonel McCalmont, M.P., Sir Henry Tyler, and others. Among those present were Mr. J. F. S. Gooday, General Manager of the company,

the convenience afforded to ladies travelling alone, their saloon and cabins forming a self-contained section. The ventilation is admirable, and the decorations have been carried out with the utmost taste. On the main deck is the dining-saloon, panelled in maple and satinwood, and furnished in oak upholstered with green Utrecht velvet. Over the dining-saloon rises a lofty glass dome. The state sleeping-rooms and a luxurious smoking-room are situated on the upper promenade-deck, and on the lower deck are the first-class sleeping-cabins, each of which is fitted

Eastern. Company, and twenty years later the first steamships built for the company began the Antwerp service. In 1893 the company inaugurated the Hook of Holland service, which has attained so much popularity and efficiency. At that time the number of passengers annually was 53,000; the goods traffic 146,000 tons, and the receipts £158,000. In 1893 the Hook of Holland service was inaugurated, and last year the company carried over 159,000 passengers, 322,000 tons of cargo, and took £277,000. The Great Eastern Railway has achieved a wonderful record for punctuality.

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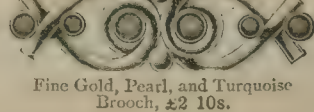
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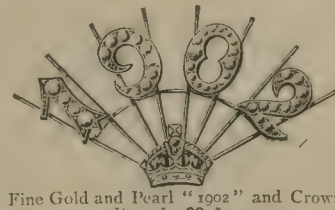


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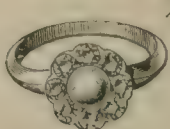
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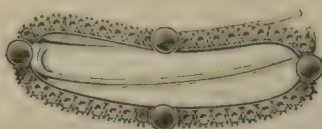


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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1900) of Mr. William Taylor Hewitt, J.P., of Weelsby Old Hall, Grimsby, and of Messrs. Hewitt Brothers, Limited, brewers, who died on April 8, was proved on July 9 by Thomas William Good Hewitt and Titus Henry Hewitt, the sons, the Rev. Arthur Abbott and Ernest Leigh Grange, the executors, the value of the estate being £467,357. The testator devises his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property to his son Thomas William Good for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male, but charged with the payment of £3000 per annum to his son Titus Henry, and of £1000 per annum to his daughter Mary Elizabeth; and should his grandson Vivian Vaughan Davis Hewitt eventually succeed to such estates, they are to be further charged with the payment of £5000 per annum to his grandson William Taylor Hewitt. All his debentures and preference shares of Hewitt Brothers are to go and be held with the said settled property. He gives his ordinary shares in the said company, upon trust, to pay one third of the income thereof to his son Thomas William Good; one sixth to his son Titus Henry; and one half for the payment off of incumbrances, and the improvement of the brewery premises, and subject thereto for his two sons and the survivor of them. On the death of such survivor the shares are to follow the trusts of his freehold estate. Mr. Hewitt gives £1250 to the Grimsby Hospital; his household furniture, etc., to his son Thomas William Good; and £50 per annum each to Arthur Abbott and Ernest Leigh Grange during the continuance of the trusts of his will. His residuary personal estate is to be divided between his children.

The will (dated April 3, 1902) of Mr. George Bowes, of 40, Brunswick Square, Hove, and formerly of 38, Threadneedle Street, E.C., who died on June 15, was proved on July 8 by George Loddiges, George Bowes Loddiges, George Richard Hall, and William Elliot Snow, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £167,157. The testator gives £5000 to his son-in-law Richard Charles Ashby; £1000 each to his sisters, Mrs. Sarah Rennie, Mrs. Ann Howard, and Mrs. Emily Reid; £300 each to his executors; £300 to his great-niece Loelia Loddiges; £300 to his late wife's sister, Mrs.

Isabella Cheetham; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves as to one half for the children of his deceased son, and the other half, upon trust, for his son William Francis for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1899) of Mr. James Shand, of Parkholme, Elm Park Gardens, Chelsea, late a member of the firm of Shand, Mason, and Co., who died on June 10, was proved on July 3 by Mrs. Ellen Shand, the widow, James Tilley Shand, the son, Henry Elliott Johnson, and George Henry Pedler, the executors, the value of the estate being £127,237. The testator gives £1000 and his household furniture to his wife; £200 each to his executors Mr. Johnson and Mr. Pedler; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and on her death he gives £2000 Gas Company Stock each to his daughters Sarah, Ellen, and Alice Mary; and the ultimate residue, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 5, 1875), with a codicil (dated Feb. 25, 1899), of Mr. Francis Wall Mackenzie Ravenscroft, of Birkbeck Lodge, Springfield Road, St. John's Wood, who died on June 15, was proved on June 30 by Clarence Francis Ravenscroft, the son, the acting executor, the value of the estate being £103,940. The testator bequeaths £500 and his house and furniture to his wife, Mrs. Fanny Jane Ravenscroft; £5000 to the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Society; £2000 each to his sons Birkbeck, Pelham, and Clarence Francis; £2000 to his daughter Mrs. Goldsmith; £2000 to the children of his deceased daughter Mrs. Inez Seward; £1000 each to his brothers Edward James, Henry Horace, and Horatio William; an annuity of £250 to his sister Louisa Mary; annuities of £150 each to his sisters Anne Porter Browse, Emily Veal, and Juliana Eliza; annuities of £100 each to Ann Browse and Blanch Addison; £1000 each to Agnes Winifred Watson, Louise Mary Gray, and Alfred Mulkern; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife, for life, and then for his children, and the issue of any deceased children, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 18, 1900) of Mr. Joseph Brown, K.C., C.B., who died on June 9, has been proved by the

executors, his eldest son, Mr. Harold Brown, and his son-in-law, Mr. Joseph Addison, and his two daughters, Mrs. Addison and Miss Helen Brown. The estate is sworn at £83,800 14s. 5d. gross and £83,526 3s. net. After giving sundry small legacies to relations and servants, the testator provides for division of the residue among his five children, Marianne (the wife of Mr. Addison), Helen, Harold, Reginald, and Oswald.

The will (dated Dec. 27, 1900) of Lieutenant-Colonel Lionel Marshall, of 63, Harrington Gardens, South Kensington, who died on May 27, was proved on July 7 by Mrs. Edith Marshall, the widow, and Leonard Marshall, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £67,853. The testator gives £500 and the household furniture to his wife; his estate in Ceylon called Polgahakanda, and all his interest in the Waterworks at Bilbury and Berncastel to his son Leonard Chapman Stansfeld Marshall; and legacies to executors. The residue of his property he leaves as to one half thereof, upon trust, for his wife during her life or widowhood, and subject thereto for all his children, his said son bringing into account the value of the before-mentioned bequests to him.

The will (dated Dec. 23, 1899) of Mr. John Francis Taylor, of Holly Bank House, Holgate Road, York, who died on April 8, has been proved by Miss Ann Jane Taylor, the daughter, and Samuel Ibbetson, the son-in-law, the value of the estate being £54,092. The testator gives his shares in the Scarborough Cliff Bridge Company, the *Yorkshire Post*, the York New Waterworks Company, and the York Conservative Club, and his freehold premises in Pease Street, Wakefield, to his daughter Mrs. Alice Eliza Ibbetson. The residue of his property he leaves to his two daughters as tenants in common.

The will (dated May 10, 1883), with a codicil (dated Dec. 4, 1897), of Mr. Harry Freckleton Gadsby, of Derwent Bank, Derby, Town Clerk of Derby, who was drowned while fishing on Feb. 24, was proved on June 25 by Mrs. Frances Beatrice Gadsby, the widow, the sole executrix, the value of the estate being £53,117. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then for his children.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1899) of Mr. Herbert George Henry Norman, of 5, Southview Gardens, South

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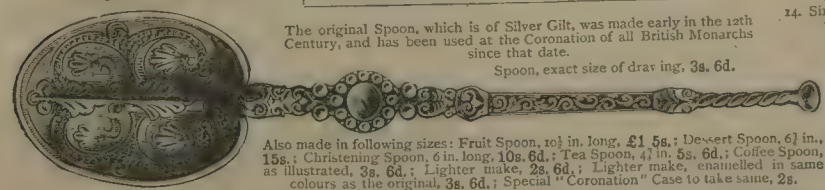
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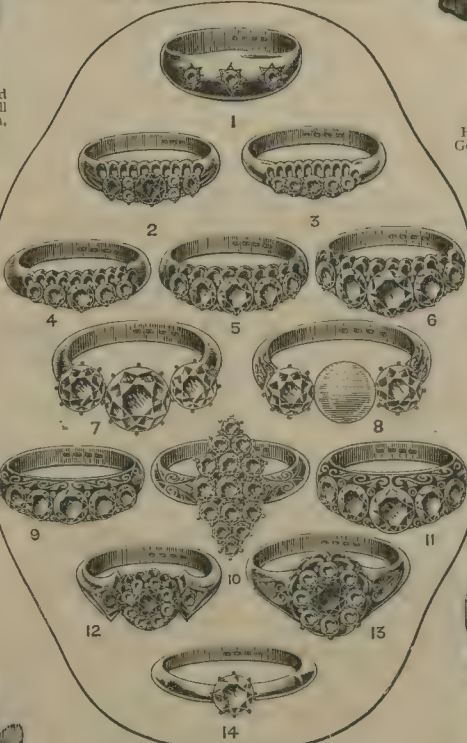
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Kensington, barrister-at-law, who died on April 22, was proved on July 1 by Henry John Norman, the brother, and Edward Norman, the cousin, two of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £47,210. The testator gives £100 and the income for life from the remainder of his property to his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Mary Norman. Subject thereto he leaves £14,000 to his brother Henry John, and the residue of his estate and effects between his said brother and his sisters Augusta Jane Wells, Eleanor Norman, and Arabella Marianne Hambro.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Sept. 28, 1901) of Colonel the Rt. Hon. William Brownlow Forde, P.C., of Seaford, County Down, who died on Feb. 8, granted to Roger Hall, the nephew, one of the executors, was sealed in London on July 1, the value of the estate in England and Scotland being £43,569. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the County Down Infirmary (Downpatrick); £1000, upon trust, for the Poor Parishes Fund of the Church of Ireland for County Down; £1000, upon trust, for the repair and maintenance of the Church of Ireland Church at Seaford; £100 to the Stewart Institution for Idiots and Imbeciles (Palmerston); £250 each to the Masonic Orphan Boys' School and the Female Orphan School (County Down); £500 to his sister, Lady Harriet Anne Walsh; £500 each to his nephews Frederick Freke, Sir Hunt Walsh, Allan Walsh, and W. R. Hall; £600 to Roger Hall; £500 each to his nieces Mrs. Shute, Helen Marsh, Helen Meade, Frances Walsh, and Adeline Forde; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew William George Forde.

## ART NOTES.

There is a little surprise in finding good landscapes signed by an unfamiliar name at the Doré Gallery; and there is more than a little regret in finding them to be posthumously exhibited. The late Mr. Downward Birch, who chose to be unknown in his lifetime, is proved by these paintings, now shown by his widow, to have been a painter of real distinction. In the earlier examples his work is rather literal and prosaic, though always harmonious; later, evidently under the influence of study in France, it grows more beautiful, pictorially speaking, and more free, so that qualities of the imagination have play. For it is imagination of a fine and spiritual quality, that appears in the luminous and swift-moving skies of white cloud, and in the aspect of the lonely pine that stands so beautifully against a bright mist in "The Sunny South."

That writer of excellent "Walks," Mr. Augustus Hare, illustrates the strolls of more than thirty years in Italy by water-colour drawings, which he exhibits at the Leicester Gallery, Leicester Square. It would be out of place to criticise harshly works that have been executed for the sake of recording beautiful scenes and buildings many of which have been marred, destroyed, or "restored" in the last few disastrous years. Mr. Hare's water-colours, besides, are of the quality that the English public has long been used to and is fond of. A very few years ago they might have taken their place at either of the water-colour exhibitions of London, neither better nor worse than the average; or they might have done so with only

a little more training of the hand in the drawing of trees and buildings. We know, through the confidences made to his readers in his biographies, that Mr. Hare was debarr'd from serious training by his long years of devotion to an invalid. As it is, his drawings—necessarily those of an amateur—will give pleasure to numberless travellers. They are, at any rate, exceedingly sunny, and that goes far.

Mr. Walter Crane publishes one more handbook for the instruction of the public—"Line and Form" (Bell). There should be no ignorance left among us as to line construction, naturalism, or convention; and Mr. Crane has long ago delivered his conscience from all responsibility for the ill deeds of the modern world. He is a good teacher, and has taught by example as well as word; and his word is well worth reading and fully illustrated.

After a certain stage of fame and a certain lapse of time, the honorary distinctions that may have been borne by an artist cease to be of importance. The omission of the letters R.A., which are so much coveted as a possession by the living artist, and carry with them distinct privileges of placing, does no injustice now to the names of Reynolds or of Gainsborough, when they are spoken or written. Nor, on the other hand, does Romney gain anything by such a false ascription to him of membership of the Royal Academy as that given in twelve different entries in the catalogue of the Mezzotint Exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Romney, in fact, got his enormous hold on the public without the advantages of a

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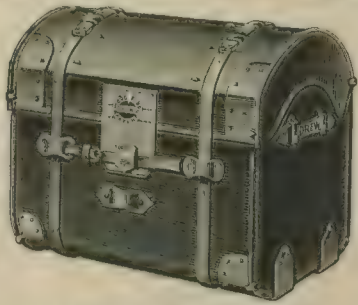
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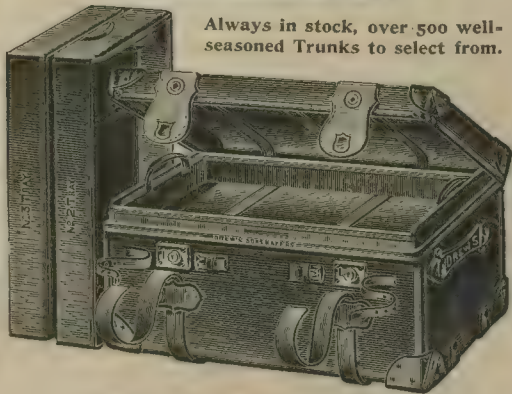


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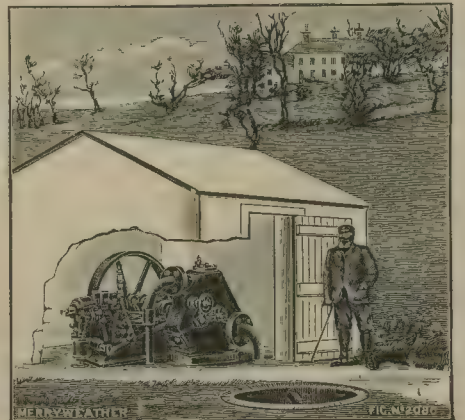
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guaranteed position on the line at Academy Exhibitions; indeed, he never, even as an outsider, contributed to them at all.

People with a very keen sense of the genius of place should avoid the exhibition now open at University College, Gower Street, where may be seen the "finds" of the past season wrested from the earth by the Egypt Exploration Fund and other like associations. The rifling of graves in that "ambiguous" land in the interests of London sight-seers may easily be criticised; but nobody will resent the coming among us of pottery fireplaces of serpentine design or of flint combs, such as are now shown in evidence of the excavations of Professor Flinders Petrie and others during recent months.

The sketch-book of Sir Anthony Van Dyck, just reproduced with a preface by Mr. Lionel Cust, was bought a few years ago by Mr. H. F. Cook, who had then no knowledge that it was stolen a century earlier from Chatsworth. On ascertaining this fact, the honest but luckless buyer at once restored it to the possession of the Dukes of Devonshire.

### ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Bishop Hoare has been giving some valuable information in various churches on the subject of Chinese missions. He has been twenty-seven years in China, and during four years has been stationed in Hong-Kong as Bishop. Speaking at St. Michael's, Cornhill, he considered the question, "Are Foreign Missions any good?" "I come," he said, "of a business stock, and my name is as well known in Lombard Street as in the mission-field, and I am not accustomed to overstate things; but I believe that the progress of foreign missions in China in the last fifty years is as great as the spread of Christianity in the first three centuries of our era."

The Bishop of New Guinea has been suffering severely from asthma and bronchitis, and has been ordered three months' complete rest on the Continent. His strength had been reduced by repeated attacks of malarial fever, and he arrived in England in a very poor state of health. He hoped to raise £16,000 for the endowment of the see and the payment of the debt on the mission, but so far has only obtained £1300.

The Bishop of Rochester is devoting his energies more and more to the difficult task of drawing artisans into the Church. Last Saturday he entertained a party of trade unionists at Bishop's House, Kennington. Under his direction, on Sunday mornings the Rev. A. J. Waldron gives a series of open-air lectures on Peckham Rye, which are attended by many hundreds of working-men. Questions and discussion are invited at the close. On Wednesdays Mr. Waldron addresses the workmen outside the Arsenal gates at Woolwich.

Birmingham Churchmen are rejoicing over the appointment of the Rev. C. Newell Long to the living of St. Aidan's, Small Heath. Mr. Long came to the parish in 1897, having previously been a curate at St. Saviour's, Hoxton, and for nearly five years has been curate to the Rev. Agar Ellis. The Bishop of Worcester will induct the new Vicar.

Mr. G. E. Lewis, of 32 and 33, Lower Loveday Street, Birmingham, has just issued his illustrated gun catalogue for 1902-3. A full description of every gun, rifle, etc., is given, and also instructions for self-measurement.



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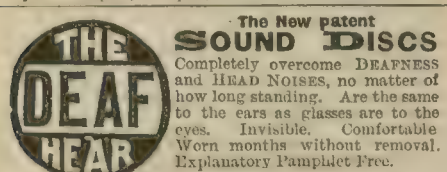
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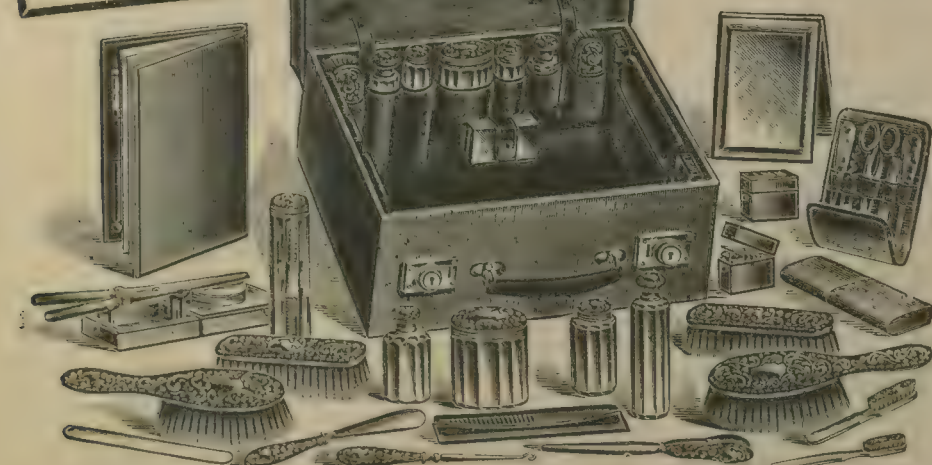
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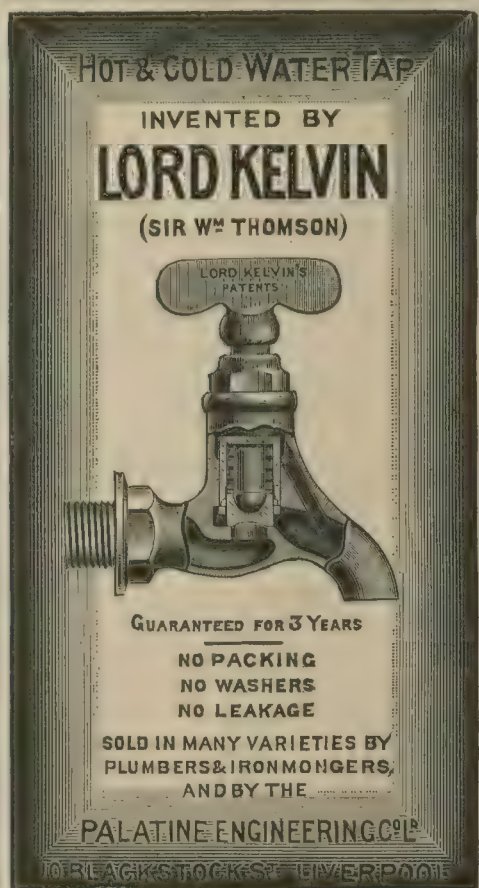


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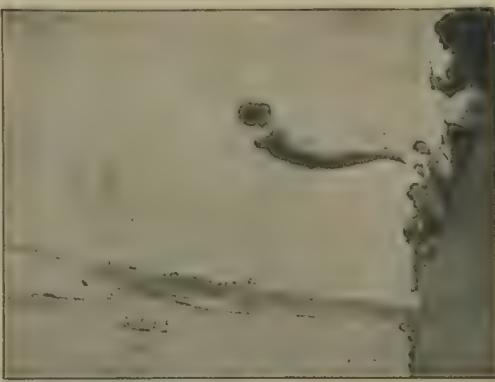
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Even the novice in photography knows the difficulty of obtaining satisfactory negatives when he is using a speed of anything over a hundredth of a second: the results are shadowy, and any rapidly moving object, such, for instance, as the present dive, is represented by an indistinct blur extending across the plate. For such a fault there may be several reasons, but two causes of failure can here be given. The lens may be so slow that any fast exposure is impossible, and the shutter may also have the same defect. A good hand camera should have a lens such as the Goerz Double Anastigmat, which, at its fullest opening—i.e., greatest rapidity—will enable pictures to be taken in rainy weather. If such a lens is combined



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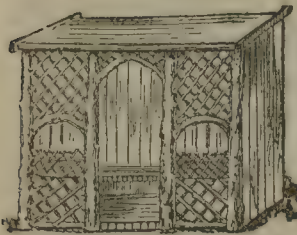
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## MUSIC.

## A NEW WORK AT COVENT GARDEN.

It is encouraging to have among the operatic novelties of the season a work of sterling merit by an English composer. In M. Berenger's libretto, founded on Mr. Anthony Hope's story "The Heart of Princess Osra," Mr. Herbert Bunning has not been favoured with a highly dramatic groundwork for his music, but in spite of this he has succeeded in writing a score which for breadth and at times nobility of conception deserves to rank high among English operatic works. If criticism has anything to complain of, it is perhaps a certain lack of variety in expression; but the composer has a thorough grasp of the more modern methods, and employs *leit-motif* with consistency and ingenuity, at the same time avoiding that prolixity which was Wagner's bugbear. Mr. Bunning's music moves with a stately beauty—except perhaps in the disappointing derivative chorus—very satisfying to the ear, and on July 14 the opera met with deserved success. Miss Mary Garden had a fresh triumph in the trying character of Osra, and Madame Maubourg and MM. Marechal, Plançon, Gilibert, and Seveilhac sang with their usual skill and taste. "La Princesse Osra" was conducted by

M. André Messager, and Mr. Francis Neilson was Directeur de la Scène.

## CONCERTS.

Miss Alice Hollander gave her second concert at the St. James's Hall on Tuesday, July 8, and sang quite charmingly some songs of Mr. Bethune, her singing-master—"Seliger Tod," "Come, Little Maiden," and "Love came on the morrow." She also sang with feeling and sympathy the melodious aria from "Nadeshda," "My heart is weary"; but she was heard to greatest advantage in two religious songs of Gounod, "There is a green hill" and "O Divine Redeemer." Her voice is admirably suited to religious music, having grave, reverent notes in it. Miss Vera Margolies and Herr Pechsai played a violin and pianoforte duet, the first movement of the Sonata in C of Grieg; and Miss Vera Margolies, who is a clever pianist, played as pianoforte solos the Ballade in A flat of Chopin, the "Spinnerlied" of Mendelssohn, and the Rhapsodic Hongroise No. 6 of Liszt. Herr Pechsai played as solos for the violin "Am Meere" and "Fileuse" of Hubay with verve and taste.

Another Hungarian violinist, Ferencz Hegedus, is deservedly occupying a position in the front rank of violin virtuosi. Each fresh concert that he gives shows him to be possessed of more style to add to his already

matchless technique. He really plays and interprets astonishingly well. On Friday afternoon, July 11, he gave a recital at the Bechstein Hall, and played as solos an Idylle and Intermezzo of Hubay and the beautiful adagio from the D minor Concerto of Spohr. Miss Hope Squire played well the thirty-two variations in C minor of Beethoven, and also in a duet for the violin and pianoforte of Brahms, a sonata in G major; but she showed herself careless in her rendering of the adagio and rondo from the F sharp minor Concerto of Vieuxtemps, which contrasted badly with Hegedus's earnestness and artistic execution. It was not a question of incompetence, but of sheer carelessness. Mr. Hamilton Hartz was far more conscientious in his accompaniments to Hegedus.

The Trinity College, London, students gave a good account of themselves in their concert at the Queen's Hall on the evening of Wednesday, July 9. Master Israel Goldwater, a scholar, played creditably, considering his youth, the difficult Ballade and Polonaise for the violin of Vieuxtemps; though it is manifestly unfair to challenge criticism at the youthful schoolboy stage, when M. Ysaye and Sarasate have so often showed Londoners how it can be played. A picturesque orchestral ballade, "The Mill," composed by Szczepanowski, and conducted by him, was effectively rendered by the orchestra.

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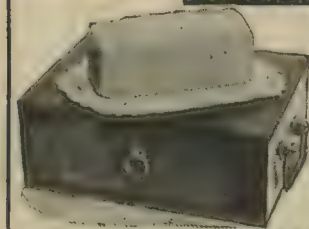
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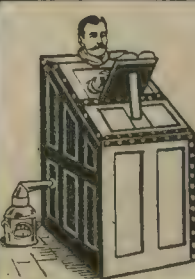


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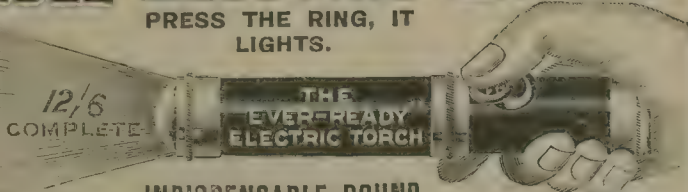
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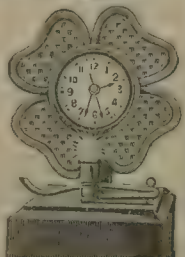
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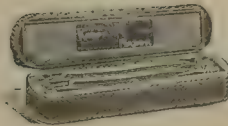
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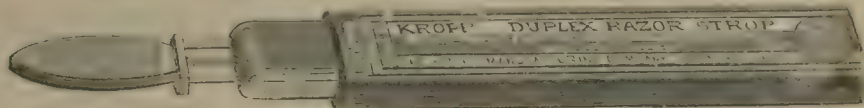


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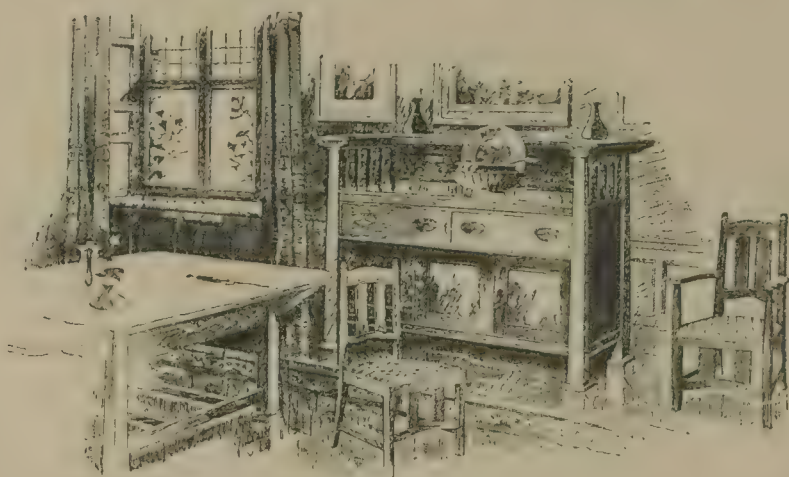
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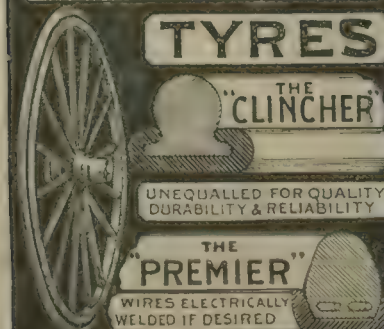
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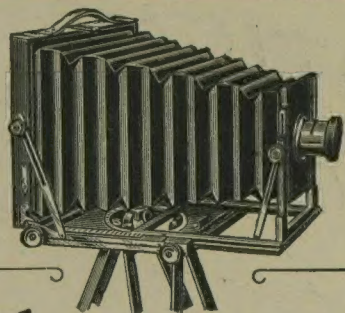
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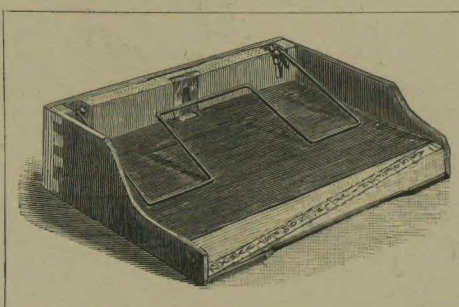
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**BORN WITH A  
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THEIR MOUTH.**

To those not so born we  
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*The*  
**PROVOST**  
**OATS**  
*Gift Spoon*

**Read on to the End!**

The Proprietors of the world-famed  
"Provost" Oats have for some time felt  
a desire to present their customers with  
a SPOON which, like their porringer,  
would add to the enjoyment of a dish of  
porridge prepared from their unrivalled  
cereals.

It has demanded much thought and  
skill on the part of the experts specially  
engaged to produce the exact article  
required, but a SPOON, satisfactory in  
all respects, has now been finally decided  
upon, which, without a doubt, will be  
much treasured by all who are fortunate  
enough to secure one.

**The "Provost"  
Gift Spoon**

IS HEAVILY

**Silver-Plated throughout,**

and the stem or handle has a  
beautiful original design in bas-relief  
most artistically engraved. Indeed,  
both the quality of the metal, and the  
style of workmanship are of the high-  
est possible character and excellence,  
and a notable specimen of the  
silversmith's art.

This SPOON will not tarnish,  
and even in constant use will wear  
for years.

The size and shape of the SPOON  
are all the most fastidious could wish  
for, and there is No Name or Adver-  
tisement of any kind upon it.

**You may get one**

Post Free, either

- (a) By forwarding 3 "Provost"  
Oats coupons, and 6d. in  
cash, or  
(b) By forwarding 15 coupons,  
and no cash.

N.B.—The Coupons are attached to  
all packets of "Provost" Oats (sold  
everywhere), and if desired these Coupons  
can be used for either Porringers or  
Spoons.

**It is JUST THE SPOON**

for Porridge and its size, depth, shape,  
and high quality make it quite a handy  
spoon for a variety of purposes.

**It is a Charming Present**

for a child, and as it is specially manufactured for, and registered by, the  
Proprietors of "Provost" Oats, it can only be obtained in the above manner.

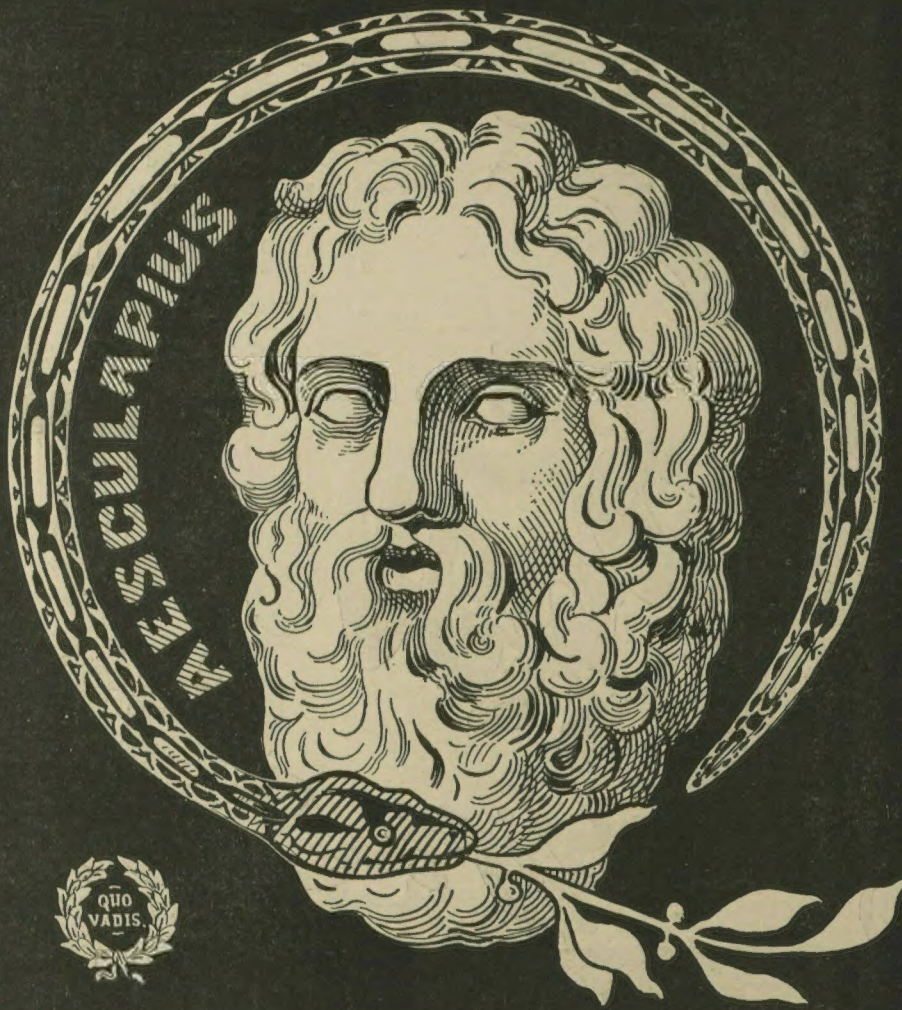
**COUPONS SHOULD BE SENT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.**

as, owing to the enormous demand there is certain to be for them, the period during  
which this Valuable Spoon can be supplied on above terms is necessarily limited.

"Provost" Oats cooked in a "Provost" Porringer,  
And eaten with a "Provost" Spoon—result—Perfect Porridge!

**R. ROBINSON & SONS, ANNAN, N.B.**





**QUO VADIS**

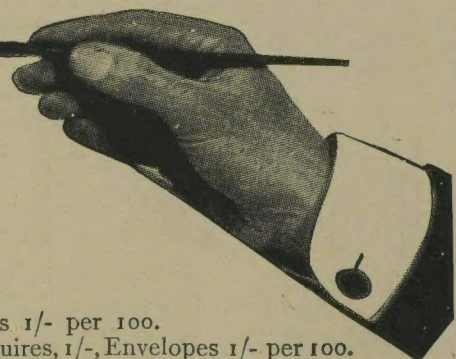
**ÆSCULAPIUS** (the Father of Medicine), had he lived in these times, would undoubtedly have recommended

**Quo Vadis Cigarettes,**

because of their Purity and Delicious Flavour, in preference to any Egyptian or Turkish Cigarette, so frequently found to contain scenting matter and artificial flavouring.

**Grade No. 50, 3s. 6d. for 50; 1s. 6d. for 20.**  
Of all Tobacconists and Stores.

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For Private use, 5 quires Note, 1/- Court Envelopes 1/- per 100. Invitation Note, 5 quires, 1/-, Envelopes 1/- per 100. Thin for foreign correspondence, ruled, 5 quires, 1/-, Envelopes 1/- per 100. For Sermons, ruled or plain, 5 quires, 1/6. Mourning Note, 5 quires, 1/6, Envelopes 1/6 per 100. Of all Stationers. Any difficulty in obtaining, send stamps to our new address—

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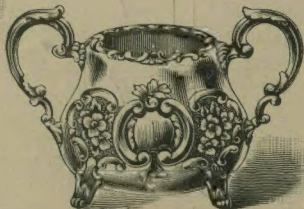
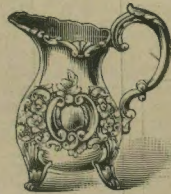
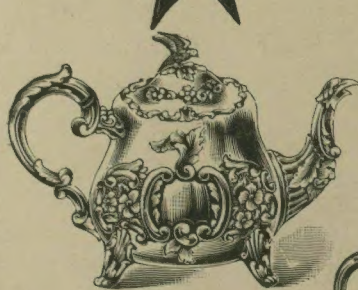
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**Mappin & Webb** (Ltd.)

**STERLING SILVER AND "PRINCE'S PLATE"** (Regd. 71,552.)



Kettle and Stand, richly Hand-Chased in style of Louis XIV.  
"Prince's Plate." Sterling Silver.  
3 pints ... £8 15 0 ... £25 0 0

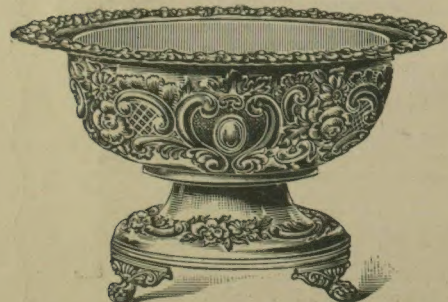


**ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS POST FREE.**

Sterling Silver Tea and Coffee Service, richly Hand-Chased in style of Louis XIV.

Coffee Pot, 2½ pints ...	£5 15 0	£12 0 0
Tea Pot, 2 pints ...	5 0 0	11 0 0
Sugar Basin, gilt inside ...	4 5 0	7 0 0
Cream Jug, gilt inside ...	3 0 0	5 0 0

Tea and Coffee Service, complete ... £18 0 0 ... £35 0 0

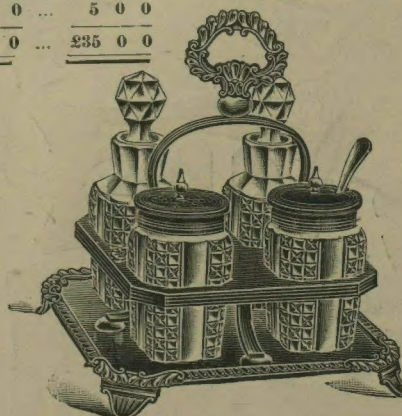


"Prince's Plate" handsomely Chased Salad Bowl, with white Porcelain Lining, 12 in. diameter ... £5 15 0  
With Plain Body ... 4 5 0  
The above can also be used for stewed fruit or flowers.

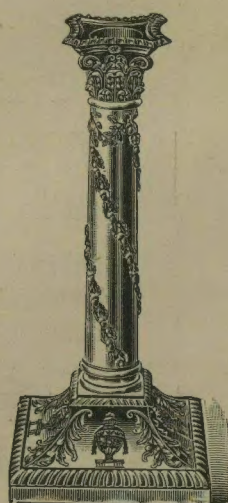
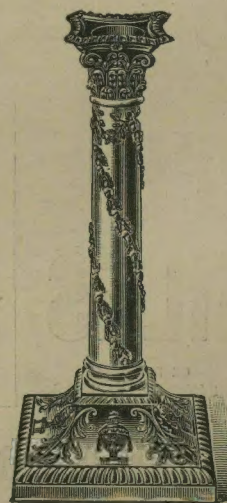


Richly Hand-Chased Cake Basket, after Benvenuto Cellini, with Pierced and Chased "Panther" Mounts, and richly Engraved Centre ... £14 10 0

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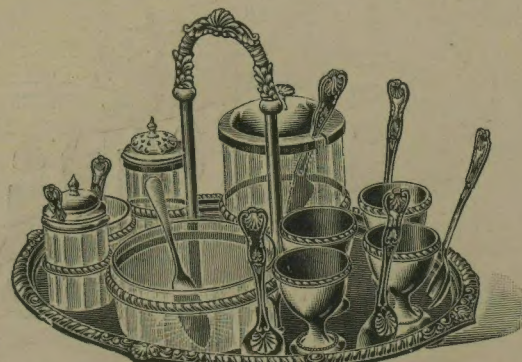


Breakfast Frame, handsomely Chased, fitted with richly Cut Glass Bottles, as Illustrated.  
"Prince's Plate" ... £2 3 0  
Sterling Silver ... 7 5 0



Very richly Hand-Chased Table Candlesticks, as Illustrated.

	Sterling Silver.	"Prince's Plate."
7 in. ...	£5 10 0	£3 5 0
10 " ...	8 0 0	4 5 0
13 " ...	12 0 0	5 15 0



New Combination Breakfast Set, handsomely Chased, in "Prince's Plate," as illustrated, complete ... £6 15 0

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